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L. L. Bowley

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OCTOBER, 1900.

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OREGON NATIVE SON

and Historical Magazine

Devoted to the History, Industries and Development
of the

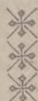
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THE FISHERMAN.

Over the sand bars rolls the swift river,
Sweeping the boulders by the cliff's lee;
Winding, widening, onward it ever
Hides in the deep moaning sea.
Over the cliffsides the haze of the ocean
Rises as passes the day to its sleep,
Sullenly, gravely, the angry commotion
Comes—'tis the voice of the deep.

Dipping, racing, the boats from the offing
Seeming like sea birds, list 'neath the sails,
Fearless, dauntless, the boatmen are scoffing
Signs of the bleak southern gales;
Dashes the spray from the bows, and the
surges
Lash the lithe forms in the teeth of the wind;
Bravely, gaily the fisherman urges
His boat from his rival behind.

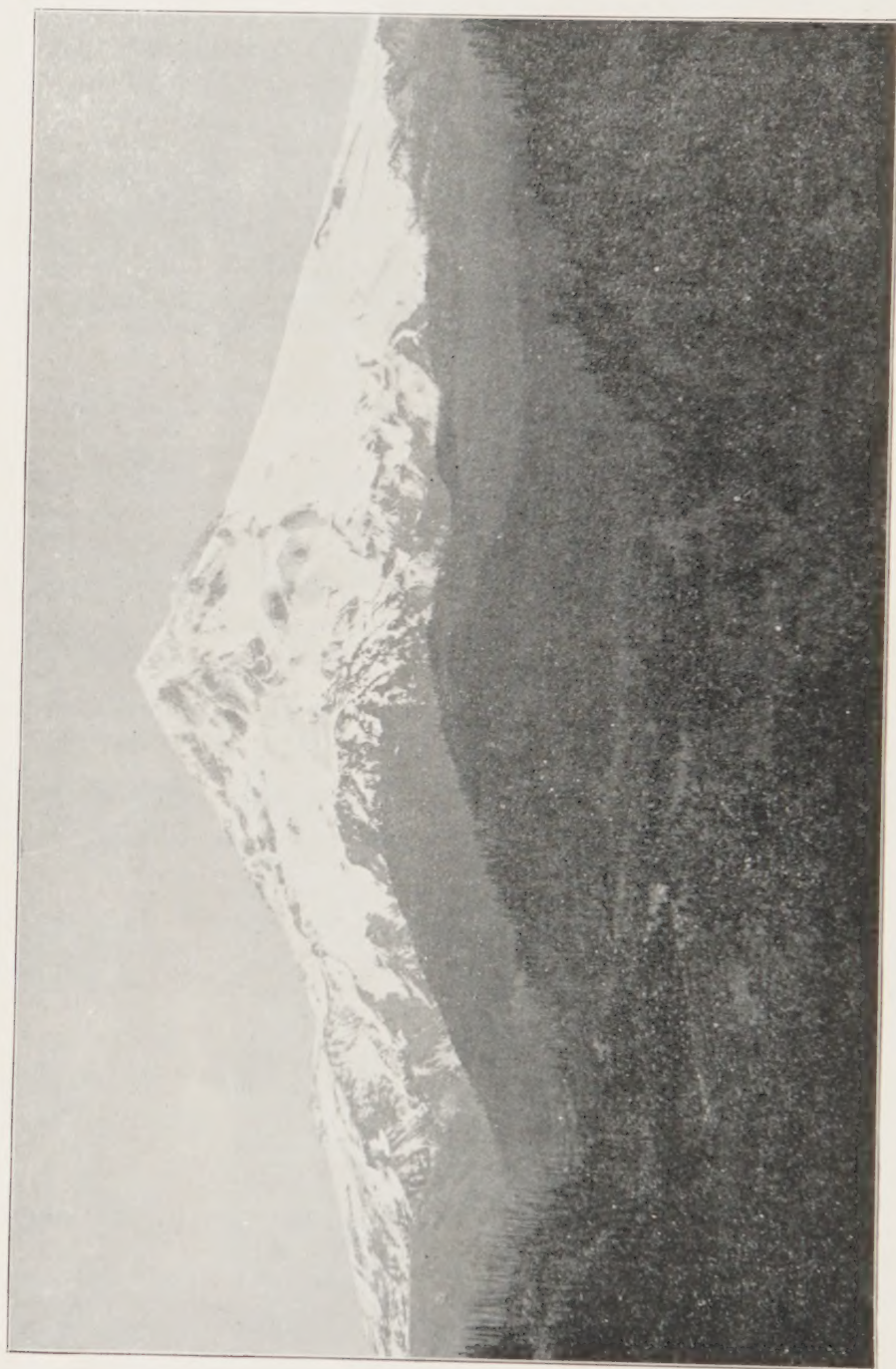
Ring the loud songs of the toilers' devotion,
By the bleak island the fleet pinions white
Swinging near the mad waves of the ocean,
At anchor will wait for the night;
Then, as the cloud-rifts awaken the star-
light,
Mirroring gleams in the deep waving skies,
Over the billows the lone guiding farlight
Brightly enkindles and dies.

Echo the rappings, I hear the low shifting,
Fisher and boatman behold the glad hour,
Soon the lone vessels are silently drifting,
Darkly the clouds above lower;
Swiftly the tide to the sullen lines bears
them,
Nearer, nearer they hear the surf's roar;
Dauntless the boatmen, an instant prepares
them
To strive for the low island shore.

Rising, advancing, the surf in its raging
Sounds the dread knell, as a demon it seems;
Night and the storm are mad billows engag-
ing
Warfare the shrill tempest screams;
But the flood tide to the rescue advances,
Vain is the might of the tempest so ill,
As the lithe boat on the white cresting
dances,
There is a moment of skill.

At the lone cove or the low island's mooring
Resting at morn will the fisherman be,
Waiting the hour of the toil so illuring,
Daunting the ill of the sea;
Soon is forgotten the hour of the danger,
Calm is the water and fair are the skies,
And with the evening again the swift ranger
Over the wide river flies.

—Valentine Brown.



MOUNT HOOD, OREGON.

NORTH PACIFIC PRE-HISTORIC WRECKS.

WELL KNOWN PIONEERS WRITE CONCERNING THEM.

I had intended to write another paper as to prehistoric wrecks on the coast of Oregon, but delayed until Mr. Silas Smith has told what I had gathered from him that he had obtained from his mother. But there are still some items left that may interest your readers.

Mr. W. E. Warren, who was quoted in my former article, said that his mother heard from Swan, a very old Indian of the Clatsops, what Swan claimed to have heard from his father, that in the long ago a vessel was lost at Necarney bay; that a number came ashore who carried a chest up the mountain side and buried on a bench, after carrying up sacks of treasure that were emptied into it. Then the crew separated, some going north and some south. Those who went south were all killed by the Rogue river Indians—as they afterwards heard. Those who went north stopped with the Clatsops, but later got into a fight when two of them were killed.

Indian Agent Raymond used to tell, that when he was stationed at Tansy Point—about 1845-6—that whenever he went back and forth between Nehalem and Necarney, the Indians would point to a mountain bench, and tell their story of the treasure, but could not be induced to go near there.

Both W. E. Warner and Silas Smith say that California redwood and Port Orford cedar used to be and is yet plentiful on the beach south of the Columbia, so much so that the settlers made rails of those woods.

The story of the treasure was so strong with the Indians, handed down as a legend, and was told so often to early comers, that it could not easily have been invented out of whole cloth. They had a horror of the spot, and could not be induced to go near it.

It has been a favorite hypothesis with me to consider it possible that a mission ship had been captured by sea rovers at that early day, that had supplies for the missions, was driven north and was lost on this far coast. It is a fact that ancient coins have been found among the Indians, and Mr. Minto told me that he saw in the hands of an Indian there, so far back as the forties, a spear-head that was of elaborate work, with pike and axe as well as the spear. This weapon was of copper and beautifully inlaid, as no ordinary man would have. Such relics might have come from the wreck of a buccaneer.

Looking over my scrap book, kept for a third of a century, I find several mentions of this treasure legend. One is that Tom McKay, so well known in early time, was over in the Nehalem country, in early day, trapping for furs, when he met an ancient crone who told him how—when a child—she witnessed the coming ashore of the Spaniards who buried that treasure. When Tom importuned her for further information she took him to the mountain and pointed to the exact spot. He may have dug for it, as the Hudson's Bay people heard he did, and sent for him, but under rigid examination he denied that he had found any treasure. The company claimed all that their people discovered while in their service, but Tom can't be blamed much if he did not think them entitled to such findings. He was a generous fellow; always had money to spend and to give away; so much so, that when he after settled on French prairie, in the Willamette valley, he lived so well and was so liberal to all in need, that many believed he had surely found that treasure and gloried that he made such good use of it. If he found it over half a century

ago the age of the old crone who told him might carry the wreck back to the middle of the last century.

Another of these clippings—that was published at Tillamook long ago and is soiled from age and wear—tells that many years ago Spanish pirates roamed this northern ocean and when their wealth became oppressive they would come sailing up to Cape Flowanda and deposit the unwieldy surplus in a treasure vault they knew of. But the inconstant sea has so encroached on their safe-deposit cave that it cannot now be entered, so the curious look for it in vain. But there is a great cross carved on a cliff that faces the sea, that was no doubt meant to point a moral and adorn a tale. Several have told me of inscriptions seen on the rocks at Mt. Necarney, as also on cliffs where there was a landing at sea-cabalistic figures that seem to say they could a tale unfold—if they only would.

Those mountain terraces and gulches have been fairly honey-combed with holes dug, but are not known to have made any sign. A mythical story tells of a man who prospected that terrace and after due practice with pick and shovel "folded his tent like the Arabs, and as silently stole away." Some who had the curiosity to trace his course in life were astonished to learn that he was living in Oriental state in British Columbia and having a generally good time; that, too, before the rich mines of Trail creek had been discovered, or the City of Rossland had reached its present opulence.

To offset this, a friend at Astoria told me of meeting, about 1890, a well-known and sedate citizen of the Willamette, who looked shabby, soiled and tired—and disgusted beside—whom he wondered to see thus, and so far from home. The weary man told a tale of how, two years before, a wayfarer went to work for him on his farm and as soon as he was sufficiently rested told him that he knew of treasure to be had for the mere digging and packing it away. But the farmer was prudent, and it took two years for the treasure-seeker to get a move on

him. His varnished tale was that a shipmate had showed him plats of a mountain shelf that faced the western sea; before he died this shipmate learned this from a Boston man. He said he had been to bold Necarney and was preparing to dig there—as his chart told him to—when the natives of that region told him his business was at home, if he had one—and not to stand in the order of his going, but go at once. So this sober-minded man of French prairie took his satchel, put on his summer overcoat, went two hundred miles by river and rail, and then afoot along that mountain shore to where Necarney fronts the sea.

But his companion had never been there before for he did not know the place. Our farmer friend had heard this story so often and read it time and again in the newspapers, so he digged and delved awhile, and was now on his way home, a sadder and wiser man, nevermore to be enticed by tales of sounding sea or mountain shore.

So this illusive legend of treasure lost goes on from age to age, but never turns to treasure trove. No doubt the times to come will give rise to tales and legends yet unborn, and so cause other prospectors to dig and delve so long as Necarney's front shall face the sea.

Mr. W. E. Warren, of Astoria, has planks found in the sand, so deeply buried as to be perfectly preserved, that must have come from some wreck. One is 18 feet long, 2 feet wide and 5 inches through, bolted with dowell pins, clamped with six inch iron clamps—clamps 6 inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. He found very old-fashioned iron nails, flat, and heads turned down, 10 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Col. John Adair, who came to Astoria when very young, says that on a mountain terrace, on the southwest of Necarney, not far from the bay, there is an arrow carved on the rock, with the letters "I. H. S." And on the south slope, at 200 or 300 feet altitude, on a terrace, with steep palisades from which rocks have fallen, these same marks are on the fallen blocks of stone, or boulders.

Mr. Linnville said that Lovell used to melt his wax so it could be easier handled to ship to Astoria. Not all had the square form or had the letters and marks upon them. Lovell found three long wax tapers three feet long, and two or three inches in diameter, and many small pieces.

Capt. Kohner, uncle to Mr. W. E. Warren, got the block he now has in 1870, and brought it to Warren's father.

Before the discovery of the Columbia the Indians used to meet trading vessels that came outside and fired guns to notify them to bring their furs and skins to them to trade. These traders were white men and wore beards, but used Chinese cash to trade with; copper money that had square holes in them.

About 1825, soon after removing to Vancouver, word came that a Japanese junk was wrecked south of Cape Flattery. When he heard it Dr. McLoughlin sent there for the wrecked mariners and sent them to London to be forwarded to Japan. This was probably the vessel that had porcelain ware on board, that was scattered along the beach after the wreck. Some of this was saved in good order and brought over to Vancouver. I had this story from Dr. William McKay, who was brought up in Dr. McLoughlin's family.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE.

Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, of Astoria, writing on this subject, says:

I have read the article of S. A. Clarke in the September number of the Oregon Native Son, on Nehalem bees-wax. I have also seen the "Warren" and "Lindville" pieces of wax referred to by Mr. S. A. Clarke and agree with him that the characters on the Warren block are a capital letter "N" with a diamond over it.

I am not able to make out a letter "H" on the Lindville block, and the "S" is doubtful. The latter block was on exhibition at the Exposition at Chicago, after which it was returned to the rooms of Messrs. Harris & Wright, in Astoria, where I saw it before the characters were

removed. A portion of the block is still here, but all the characters have been cut off. When I saw it first, I drew as accurately as I could without measurements the characters on its face.

The first on the top line may be an "I" and the next an "N," but the third and last has very little resemblance to an "S." The two characters in the lower line do not seem to resemble any letter, although the second might be thought to resemble an inverted L. Recently I showed my draft of these characters to Mr. Lindville and he says they are correct, according to his memory, and represent all the characters he ever saw on the block.

There is another block of wax in Astoria. It is about nine by thirteen inches, and four inches thick. It is now in the possession of the family of Mr. N. Clinton, and was received from the family of Capt. Crosby, deceased. The characters are in the shape of a monogram, and are called by some a "dollar-mark"



Photo. by Tuttle.
NEHALEM BEESWAX IN THE POSSESSION
OF N. CLINTON.

and by others "I H S." The "I" is placed upon the center of the "S" and the "H" is placed horizontally across the top of them.

The photograph of it shows the "H" quite plainly, but the wax does not disclose the upper line of the "H" so well.

It creates some doubt in my mind as to having been made by any person. The face of the wax has been shaved and worn off considerably, while there are cracks and niches in the wax that seem

to have been made by shrinking or by wear during the long exposure.*

I enclose photographs of the Warren and Clinton wax taken by Dr. Tuttle of this city. The doctor once saw a block with three numerals upon it; he thinks "1" and "7" were two of them, but does not remember what the third one was.

Much of the Nehalem wax was melted, molded and delivered to Foard & Stokes of this city as merchandise.

In the Oregonian a year or two ago were printed several characters found on Nehalem wax.



Photo. by Tuttle.
NEHALEM BEESWAX IN THE POSSESSION
OF W. E. WARREN.

W. E. Warren and Mark Warren found large pieces of wreckage near Cannon Beach, north of Nehalem, a few years since, but cut most of it into firewood. Capt. Edwards, of Portland, may have a portion.

The timbers seem to have been fastened together differently from the manner of the present day. The nails were hand made and every iron fastening was trunneled with wood. Some of the timber resembled the wood in tea boxes.

Some portions of the ~~Peasock~~ wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia river, went ashore at this place, however, and the wreckage found by the Warrens may have been a portion of that vessel.

The ~~Peasock~~ wreckage carried two guns to the shore, hence the name of Cannon Beach, and one of the guns is there in charge of Mrs. Austin.

I hope soon to secure data concerning the marks on the rocks said to be located in the vicinity where the wax is obtained. I am told that the location is in a twenty acre plat of ground laid off with a stone at each corner. It is said that these corner stones were also marked, but with what characters I am not informed. It seems singular to me that learned searchers of history and the curious, have not investigated these matters much better than they have, gathering the best specimens of the wax, the candles with wicks, and the rocks said to exist with markings thereon, for placement in some place of safety.

Yours truly,

J. Q. A. BOWLBY.

Blocks and candles of this wax are in the Portland City Museum.

To this communication we append a letter written several years since by Mr. John Hobson, a pioneer of 1843, who, in writing to the Oregonian, says:

As I was coming to the Pioneer Reunion at Portland I bought a large piece of beeswax, not mineral wax, as some would like to have it, with the letters "I. H. S." on its face, which I know was on it when taken from the sand, at the mouth of the Nehalem river in 1868, by a man named Baker, from whom I purchased it the same year I brought it to Astoria, where it has remained ever since. I sold it to Captain Alfred Crosby, and after his death, and the removal of the family one of his sons presented it to Mr. Nicolas Clinton, who is the present owner. Any one wishing to see it, may do so by calling at his residence at Astoria. I have seen many articles, written about this wax, and many theories advanced in regard to how it got there. From nearly all I differ.

When I first came here, 51 years ago, there was beeswax among the Indians, from Salmon river on the south to the Columbia on the north. They did not know what it was, using it for lights and leaky canvas. They said it came from a wreck, near the mouth of Nehalem river. The peninsula between the ocean and Nehalem, is about one and a half miles

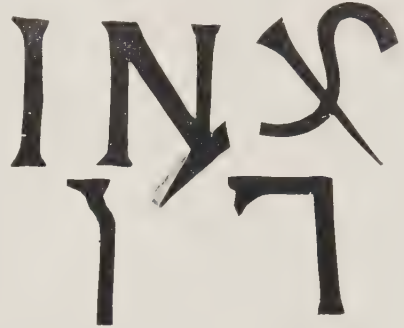
north and south, and half a mile east and west, and about two or three feet above ordinary high tides, and is an uneven flat of small sand dunes. This is where the wax has been found.

In talking with the Indians from that place often, they would tell us of the wreck, and of the vessel that brought the gold and silver coin, and carried it up Necarney mountain, and would refer us to some very old Indians, who never came to Clatsop. After the wreck of the Hudson's Bay Company's bark "Vancouver," in 1848, a large case of drugs came on shore, near that place. Solomon H. Smith, and myself, concluded we would go down and buy the drugs and find out what we could from the old Indians about the wax and money vessels.

All they could tell us was that long before they were born, the wax vessel was lost on the spit, and another anchored near the shore, and some people brought a chest upon Necarney mountain and carried sacks of money and put them in the chest and killed a man, and put him also in the chest. Afterwards they marked a stone, or very large rock, rolled it on the chest, and went back to the ship and sailed away. We took an Indian, went to the mountain to look for the coin, but found no signs of a marked rock, so concluded it was only an Indian tradition and not reliable. We thought the wax vessel must have been a Chinese junk as we had seen several pieces of a junk between Clatsop and Nehalem.

After the Nehalem country became settled by the whites, and coal was discovered, a corps of government engineers was sent from the surveying schooner, lying at Astoria, to survey the Nehalem river, and bar. I, being acquainted with the country and routes, was hired, with horses, to take them down, and bring them back when they had finished the work. This was in 1868. This peninsula lies on the line of travel of all the coast, and the wax was scattered all over it, and the constant winds blowing the sands from the northwest in summer and the southwest in

winter, has covered and uncovered it for ages, and the sun has softened it into different shapes and sizes. Some pieces were bleached nearly white. There was much dirt and sand in it, which stuck to it when softened by the sun. Here is



FAC SIMILE OF CHARACTERS ON BEESWAX IN POSSESSION OF MR. LINNVILLE.

where the Indians used to pick it up, when crossing this waste. When the whites came here to settle they collected wax, and one, Baker, made a business of it, and found that the most of it, when exposed to view, was lying on a thin stratum of earth, like the sediment of a river freshet (which I believe it was), and scattered all over the peninsula. Baker took his spade and would prospect the sand dunes. If the clay stratum was found, he would follow it up, and find large quantities of wax in all conceivable shapes and sizes, including many candles from one and a half inches to two inches in diameter, and where the sun had closed the end the wicks were perfect. Judge McGuire, of Seaside, has some of the candles. I believe that some time after the wreck there was a very high freshet in the river, which spread the wax, logs and timbers all over the peninsula.

On these dunes, many of them, logs rotted and grass grew in places, and the drifting sands would sweep over them, thus protecting the wax, and the stratum, for there were remnants of rotten wood in most of them. The one in which this large piece was found, was near the center of the spit. There was also found the remnant of a ship timber.

with some rusty, wrought iron nails, four square, thin at head, even taper from head to point, about six or eight inches long, and about five-eighths of an inch thick at the head. There was also a copper chain, about 50 inches long, with a swivel in the middle of it; links four or five inches long, and five-eighth-wire. It was brought from that place by J. Larsen, and changed ownership several times, being finally placed in the mining bureau in San Francisco by Mr. Charles Hughes.

I do not pretend to know where these remnants came from, but believe the vessel to have been English, or Spanish, from China, freighted with wax for some

cording to legendary lore, is supposed to have been taken from the much-talked-about beeswax ship and secreted on the mountain side some time in 1700. Others believe this treasure to be the spoils of a pirate craft, which, after looting one of the Spanish king's galleons on the Manila and Acapulco route, put into the coast for safety, and, after secreting their ill-gotten gain and marking the spot, sailed away again, never to be heard of more.

My attention was first called to these stones while on a pleasure jaunt to the Nehalem country in September, 1897. Our first day out from Garibaldi took us to the residence of Mr. Lovell, who re-



From the Novel. N
NECARNEY FROM FALSE TILLAMOOK HEAD.

South American port, for church purposes, as the large wax candles would indicate. The monogram was cut on this piece for pastime, I have no doubt, by one of the sailors. The wreck must have occurred in the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

JOHN HOBSON.

Mr. Thos. H. Rogers, author of the well known novel "Nehalem," writes the Native Son in the premises as follows:

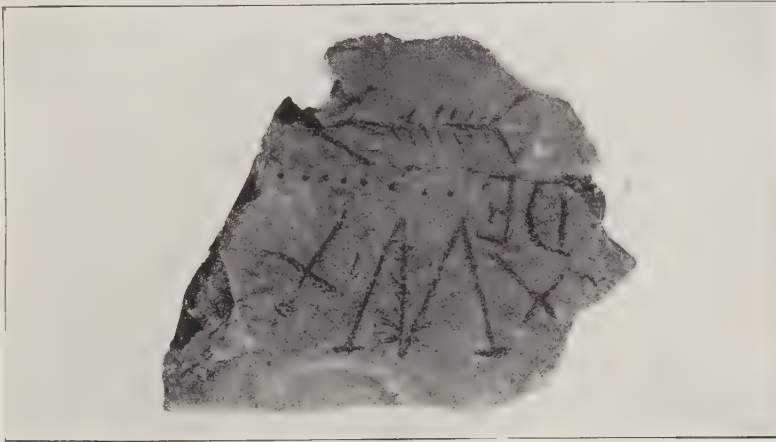
I have been asked to tell what I know about the inscription-bearing rocks found on the side of Necarney mountain. Many people believe they pertain to an immense Spanish treasure, which, ac-

sides one and one-half miles south of Necarney, where we remained over night the guests of this old pioneer and his most worthy wife, now deceased. Our host was in a remniscent frame of mind that night, and as we sat before the cheerful fire, he told story after story of the beeswax ship, whose strange cargo lies under the shifting sands of the Nehalem spit. Many of these wax cakes, so he said, bore inscriptions identical to those told about in Mr. Clarke's charming beeswax articles in the columns of the Native Son. This wax, Mr. Lovell informed us, is found as far north as False Tillamook Head, and as far south

as Cape Meares. The main bulk, however, being unearthed from the sands near the former locality.

This conversation brought up the subject of the buried treasure, our host telling of several chisel-marked stones being unearthed in a neighboring pasture many years before, which the one lucky enough, in his estimation, to decipher the hidden meaning traced thereon, would ultimately find the great Spanish treasure. This led to several pointed questions in which the old gentleman said he was not up to date in rock ology, but if we would hunt up Mr. P. H. M. Smith, who resided near by, and who

ed stones were lying. These were immediately photographed by the writer, the cut of the "Glyphic Rock of Necarney" embellishing this article herewith. Many people have expressed surprise at this stone resembling a female head and wonder how it came about. This is easy, the plate being first vennetted of its background of fern and bushes and then half-toned as the reader sees it, leaving the stone as it really is. When found, these time and weather-beaten stones, four in number, were lying three or four feet deep in the ground in the shape of a huge cross, thirty feet in length by twenty feet in width. Since



From the Novel, "Nehalem."
THE GLYPHIC ROCK OF NECARNEY.

had spent the past seven years in hunting for the treasure, as well as his father before him, we could obtain all the necessary data required. This we did, visiting Mr. Smith next morning, who, contrary to expectations, was willing to talk upon the subject, besides showing us several "genuine" marked stones found by himself in divers places, from the mouth of the Nehalem river to the little wind-locked cove north of Necarney, where the remains of an ancient vessel now lies.

Having ascertained all that Mr. Smith was willing to communicate, we visited the pasture lot in which the chisel-mark-

ed stones were found, some twenty years ago, they have been rolled around and sadly disfigured by some imagined smart fellow, for fun's sake, at the expense of big-hearted Mr. Smith, thinking to lead him astray in his prolonged search. The cut of the one shown herewith had evidently not been tampered with, as it still resembles the cut of the one published which was from a sketch and not a photograph. Be these rocks tampered with or not, they were found and dug up directly west of a small stream which meanders down the mountain side to the sea, where, in the long ago, as the legends tell, a box of gold was buried.

*See Westshore
Feb 1888 / page 77 for characters on Cape Meares rock*

and a negro killed over it, and whose spirit is supposed to ever guard it from the curious.

These stones, however, Mr. Smith said, did not, in his way of thinking, relate to the treasure—the keystone having been found by him a quarter of a

on Mr. Smith, as many would like to make it, especially some would-be funny people, who take great delight, so I am told, in “pestering” the treasure-hunter, the ground having never been molested during the past century at least. From the top of this hill Mr. Smith pointed



From the Novel, "Nehalem."
"An ancient galleon poked its nose into the rock-bound coast."

mile distant, buried to the depth of ten feet in the ground on top of a hill south-east. This keystone was also photographed, but for obvious reasons, Mr. Smith requesting it, it was not given publicity. This stone is not a put-up job

northwest, to where a dead spruce, old and time-eaten, rose above the underbrush, saying: "Over there, this keystone tells me, I will find another clue, When I find that one I will also find another; and so the quest will go on, from

day to day, until I have unraveled the skein."

This keystone found by Mr. Smith, has an intricate map traced upon its face, delicate almost as a spider's web. To photograph it, it was necessary to first pencil it, bringing out all lines as plainly as on the day the designer, be he Spaniard, pirate, or civil engineer, who executed it. From the top of this hill we went farther back in the mountain where the treasure-hunter pointed out a great hole made by a divining-rod enthusiast, who had delved for days and weeks and months in a place where the swinging plumb-bob had ceased its vibrations, and had come to a stop like the pendulum of a clock; and after weary, weary work, 'midst storms and blinding sunshine, he gave up the quest and went back from whence he came. Then we went to the top of the mountain overlooking the sea, and saw more work of other treasure-hunters, where they had blasted out great holes in the solid stone for this reputed wealth, which, no doubt, if legendary lore tells aright, came from Montezuma's land.

These are the true facts of the case, on the base of which "Nehalem" was

written and given to the world. In the meantime, or since the ancient high-pooped galleon first poked its nose into the frowning rock-bound coast, centuries have come and gone; the sea still sings its monotonous song and lashes itself to foam against old Necarney's side; the spook of the murdered negro, so the Indians say, still dances on the mountain side to the accompaniment of the rattling iron chain, and the wierd ha! ha! of the phantom spirit is heard afar.

Who is it that can fathom this mystery? Whose hands were they that placed the marked stones from base to summit on the hoary old mountain? Whence came those beeswax cakes and tapers? These are simply questions of conjecture. In the meanwhile this old world will roll on as before, and the tide will ebb and flow and seasons come and go; but there will come a time when the sea will give up its secret in the shape of a true key to the tracing on the stones and somber-faced wall at the river's mouth, and the great Spanish treasure, if any, will be found.

THOS. H. ROGERS.



The first almanac published on the Pacific coast was printed by Henry H. Evarts, in 1847, at Oregon City, at the Spectator office. Mr. Charles W. Shane was the binder. The latter gentleman was a pioneer of 1846, and, being a practical bookbinder, has the honor of binding the first books printed west of the Rocky mountains which were printed in the English language.

1845.—The first marriage among the settlers on Puget Sound occurred in this year, on July 6th. Daniel D. Kinsey and Ruth Brock were the bride and bridegroom. The knot was tied by Col. M. T. Simmons, justice of the peace for Vancouver (Clarke) county, which at that time embraced nearly all of Washington west of the Cascades.

The first "dude" to come to the Pacific Northwest was J. Lee Lewis, who arrived as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824. It is said that, though a fop, he was a man of fine appearance, well educated, and possessed of good qualities. He retired from the service of the company in 1846, after having charge of many of their important trading posts, and went to Australia. Not liking that country, he returned and settled in the Red river section. A son of his, A. Lee Lewis, was the first representative to the territorial legislature of Oregon from Vancouver (Clarke) county.

ENCOURAGE INFANT INDUSTRIES.

The caption of this article is a motto of this magazine. For undoubtedly the greatest good to the community can be best subserved by developing every manufacturing industry possible within our midst; thus furnishing employment to wage earners and making labor a demand. For when labor fares well, the rest of the community thrives.

One of the industries that is sure to have a marvellous growth in this city, within the next few years, is bottling, selling and exporting of the output of

ment necessary to secure the building of large bottling establishments. Acting upon this theory, the Oregon Mineral Water Company has been organized and incorporated in this city, with Mr. E. E. Gooding as president and manager, and Mr. Willis Fisher as secretary, with the object of utilizing the waters of the Cascade Mineral Springs and the Woller Sulphur Spring, at Hubbard. For this purpose they have purchased the latter and the output of the former for a period of twenty years. The comp-



E. E. GOODING
Manager Oregon Mineral Water Co

the mineral springs that abound in every portion of the Northwest, especially in the vicinity of Portland. It is hard to estimate the good that will accrue to the city, and the Northwest, from the encouragement of this industry. When it is known abroad that the Northwest possesses mineral springs that for medicinal as well as pleasant drinkable qualities, equal to any in the world, and that but a moiety of the output is now utilized, people will give the encourage-

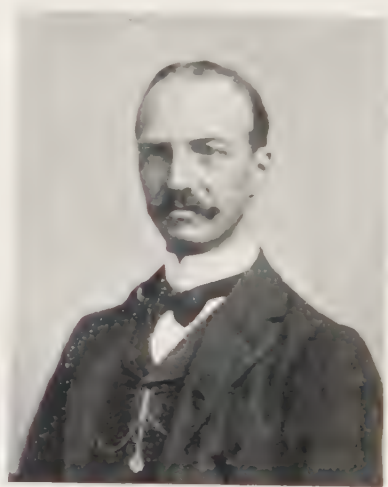


Photo by A. H. SHELLEY
WILLIS F. FISHER
Secretary Oregon Mineral Water Co

has established bottling works at No. 325 First street, between Clay and Market streets, and are now prepared to furnish the Cascade Mineral water, or the Woller Sulphur water, either in bottles or syphons, delivered in any part of the Northwest or on the coast. It is the intention of this company to enlarge their works as fast as the business will justify, and instead of foreign waters holding precedence here, as they do at the present time, the company proposes to push

the sales wherever mineral water is drunk, either as a beverage or for its medicinal qualities.

THE CASCADE SPRINGS.

The Cascade Mineral Springs were discovered in the year 1880, by Mr. R. J. Snow, an old miner who was engaged at the time in hauling wood to the Cascade steamboat landing. He crossed a little rill which he approached for the purpose of obtaining a drink. He found the water quite warm, and on tracing it to the source, he found several bubbling springs of sparkling water of nearly a hundred degrees of temperature. The attention

sult known, but they at once authorized their agent, Mr. Thos. Guinean, to purchase it for them. Mr. Moffett was not to be found napping, however, and refused to entertain any proposition looking to the disposal of his property until its value had been more definitely ascertained. In 1882 Mr. Moffett built the house shown in the accompanying cut, and since that time, during the vacation season, it has been overcrowded with guests, and hundreds have been turned away each season for want of accommodation. Mr. Moffett has now awakened to the true situation, and having freed his hands for the purpose by the sale of the output for bottling, will provide all



CASCADE SPRINGS HOUSE.

of Mr. Thomas Moffett, who was keeping a store at the Cascades at the time, was called to the discovery, and he, recognizing the value, lost no time in acquiring an interest by furnishing money to acquire title to the land from the government, under the mineral land laws. Dr. Rex, a prominent physician of the city, made the first analysis, Mr. J. H. Fisk, Portland's responsible chemist, the next, and then the U. S. Chemical Assayer, of Washington, D. C. They all agreed with wonderful unanimity as to its component parts and great and good medicinal qualities. It was also analyzed at the instigation of Taylor, Young & Co., wholesale liquor dealers of San Francisco, who refused to make the re-

the conveniences required for those who demand accommodations at his hostelry.

ANALYSIS.

The following analysis of the Cascade Mineral Water shows the different kinds of solids and the number of grains of each, contained in each wine gallon thereof, viz:

Sodium Chloride	18.00
Magnesia	7.00
Calcium Sulphate	5.00
Sulphur	1.75
Sodium	1.50
Carbonate Protoxide of Iron....	1.50
Lithia	4.15
Silicia	2.15

Total41.65 Grains

There is the usual amount of natural gas contained in mineral waters, but no trace of either vegetable or animal matter.

The temperature at the springs is 96 degrees.

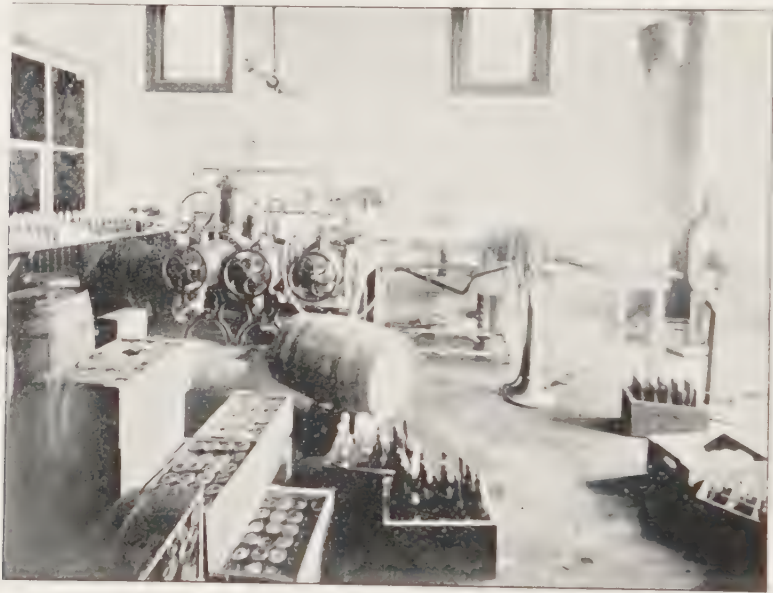
The bath houses are on a level with the hotel.

As a beverage it is especially recommended to bar rooms, club rooms, restaurants, hotels and families. It will be found clear, elegant and refreshing. Used as a medicine, it has been found the best of waters for kidney complaints, liver complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism,

the gigantic step in improvements which would be required to meet the exigencies of the case, he has done but little advertising. Consequently the springs are but little known away from home.

LOCATION.

The Cascade Mineral Springs are located in the shade of giant forest trees, on the Washington side of the Columbia river, between the Middle and Upper Cascades, about a mile back from the river bank, and the sparkling water bubbles up from several crystal springs so favorably located that there is no possible chance of contamination.



BOTTLING WORKS.

dropsy and general debility. The writer, one of the editors of the Native Son, can testify to its wholesome properties for inflammatory rheumatism, having used it with beneficial results for about two years. Now a syphon bottle can always be found "on tap" in his room.

The water is furnished to consumers in syphon bottles at \$1.20 a dozen, or 10c each.

Heretofore, owing to the limited facilities of the proprietor for bottling and handling, and his unwillingness to make

The springs can be reached twice a day by steamer; and, when a new hotel is erected, the O. R. & N. Co. have signified a desire of placing a transport service from Bonneville to Moffett's Landing. This will add six trains a day to the transportation facilities of the springs.

When the location is considered it seems more than probable that the Springs are fed direct from nature's crucible that burns beneath the snowy cap-

ped summit of Mt. St. Helens, where all the earth properties of nature are boiling, bubbling and burning in a chaotic state, and through the little channels of which the springs are the vent holes, comes flowing almost boiling water, impregnated with curative powers unequalled by the science of physic.

Indian tradition, handed down from tribe to tribe, says: "Ages ago pilgrimages were made to this treasure-spot—for as such it was known—by the different tribes, and ere the advent of the white man, the Rogue Rivers, the Chitcoes, the Calapoias, Klamaths, and even the Makahs, or water Indian of the coast, brought their aged and decrepit, via the "Bridge of the Gods," to this fabled fountain of youth.

THE FIRST BOTTLING.

Speaking of the springs, in a recent conversation, Mr. Moffett, the proprietor, said: "In 1885, I commenced bottling the water, and by 1890 it required my entire time and attention, the business had grown to such dimensions. Then I shipped it north, south, east and west. I could have disposed of the entire product of the springs, but I did not care to venture far enough to handle it. I commenced preparing it for the consumer in syphons two years ago, and since that time sales have only been limited to the number of syphon bottles in my establishment. In fact the demand has been far beyond my ability to furnish, from the first day's bottling."

Apropos: The writer at one time requested that a case of a dozen bottles be left at his residence at a time, and received the answer that he was in luck to get two at a time.

The Oregon Mineral Water Company now proposes to employ the latest machinery for bottling, and will furnish the water both in sealed bottles and in syphons, and the Cascade mineral water and Wolford Springs sulphur water will be thoroughly advertised, and every endeavor will be used to meet the great demand that will undoubtedly ensue.

In order to demonstrate the importance of such an enterprise, let us make a little calculation. It is estimated that the Cascade springs will furnish 25,000 gallons per day, or 9,125,000 gallons per year. It is retailed at 10 cents per bottle, or 40 cents per gallon. At this rate the possibilities amount to the enormous sum of \$3,649,000. Allowing 20 per cent profit, and there remains \$2,919,200 for the amount that would be paid annually for labor and material when the springs are handled to their full capacity. After all, it is not such a great problem, either. One person will readily drink a syphon of this water every two days. This means 36 gallons per year to each constant consumer. And at this rate, 300,000 people would consume the entire output of the springs, and we have 2,500,000 on this coast to draw consumers from.

THE WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS.

Are located at the town of Hubbard, Marion county, Oregon, thirty-two miles from Portland, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The water from these springs has been analyzed and pronounced by leading chemists to be good for medicinal and bathing purposes, and entirely free from the taint of ammonia. It contains enough iron to give it a decided taste and class it a Chalybeate water.

A fine bath house has been erected at the springs, where a refreshing hot or cold bath may be obtained. The springs are surrounded by a delightful park and the grounds afford ample shade and splendid camping facilities.

The following

ANALYSIS OF WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS

Was made for R. Koehler, Manager of the Southern Pacific Company for Oregon:

Total matter in solution consist-	
ing of	61.90
Grains per	
U. S. Gallon	
Chloride of Sodium and Potas-	
sium	29.74
Bi-Carbonate of Lime	6.52
Bi-Carbonate of Soda	16.10
Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia	4.26
Bi-Carbonate of Iron	2.10
Silicia	2.39
Sulphate of Soda	.58
Magnesium	Traces

al Water Company proposes to handle these waters, the enterprise cannot fail of bringing here and placing in circulation a vast amount of money annually.

In view of the fact that such an effort is being made to establish an industry of so much importance, it behooves all who use mineral water, either as a beverage or for medicinal purposes, to give that from these springs a trial, and we



CASCADES
Where Spanned the Bridge of the Gods.

CAPACITY.

The capacity of the springs is estimated at 100 gallons per minute, or over 52,000,000 per year. By the same method of calculation used in the case of the Cascade Springs, the possibilities of the amount to be expended annually in bottling and handling these waters will be demonstrated as practically unlimited. Handled as the Oregon Miner-

feel assured that they will never change from it.

The Oregon Mineral Water Company will also manufacture and deal in strawberry, pineapple, banana and all other extracts, orange cider, champagne cider, Oregon cider, and Oregon peach cider, birch beer, California pop, cream soda ginger ale, iron wine, Moxie nerve food, orange wine, orange and wine, orange

pear champagne, pineapple soda, queen charlotte, raspberry soda, root beer, sarsaparilla, sarsaparilla and iron, strawberry soda, vanilla soda, and fountain and bar syrups, and extracts of all kinds

and descriptions, also cider (not carbonated) by the keg and barrel, also washing ammonia, bluing, etc., etc.

Remember that all the products of this establishment will be A1, and perfectly pure.



WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS.



1835.—There was at Vancouver at this time 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats and 300 hogs, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This company raised on its Vancouver farm this year 5000 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 bushels of barley, 1000 bushels of oats, 2000 bushels of peas and garden vegetables in proportion. The garden comprised five acres, and besides the vegetables grown therein, apples, peaches, grapes and strawberries had a good start, and in some cases were plentiful. A gristmill, with machinery propelled by oxen, was kept in constant use,

and a saw mill about six miles up the river furnished lumber. The first to bring sheep from California was a better sailor than stockraiser. When those he brought to Vancouver were turned loose, it was found that they were all wethers, and a new consignment had to be secured for stock purposes.



The first money brought to the Pacific Northwest in any quantity was a barrel of silver dollars received at Vancouver, in 1846, to be paid in monthly sums to the crew of the British sloop-of-war, *Modeste*.

THE IMPENDING CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

BY H. W. CORBETT.

I am asked to give to the readers of the Oregon Native Son my views on The Pending Issues of the Campaign of 1900. The questions and principles are of so great import and the possibilities of great disaster to our country are so eminent, in case of the election of Mr. Bryan, I do not hesitate to give my candid views upon the important bearing it will have upon the country. I have no other ambition than the good of my country, that has done so much for mankind during the past forty years, mainly under the national government administered by the Republican party.

When, about 40 years ago, Abraham Lincoln was elected President and succeeded Mr. Buchanan, the Republican party found the country in a deplorable condition. The nation was without credit at home or abroad. The last loan made by the Democratic administration, cost the government 12 per cent per annum. Secession sentiment was rampant, a southern confederacy was demanded, the majority of people had committed the unpardonable sin of electing Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Then followed the attempted secession of the slave holding states, civil war ensued, slavery was abolished by the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. The Union was preserved. The supremacy of the national government was acknowledged, and it was maintained by the Republican party, aided by patriotic Democrats.

During the Civil War the government's expenses were enormous and it was naturally forced to adopt a paper currency. This unfortunate circumstance unsettled the finance and business of the country to such an extent, that for a number of years little was exported other than United States bonds (which at one time sold for gold at 40 cents

on the dollar), to pay the balance of the trade against us. It took many years to restore specie payment and to fix a permanent gold standard, and it is to be hoped that from this we will never depart.

It is now declared by Mr. Bryan that this gold standard must be overthrown by the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, or in other words, all people having bars (or bullion), of silver, worth now in the market about 47 cents to the dollar, shall have the privilege of taking it to the United States mints and receive a silver dollar for every 47 cents' worth of silver deposited. Let us now inquire what would be the result of this financial scheme of Mr. Bryan's. One of two things must happen, namely, every silver dollar (now practically kept at par with gold) would depreciate and drop to 47 cents on the dollar, or else the government (that is the people) must pay the difference. Are the people prepared to trust the finances and great business interests of the country in the hands of a man of so little sound business sense? Are they prepared to do away with a sound and stable system of finance, a policy inaugurated ever since the close of the Civil War, to secure this result and that insured the interest on the public debt on the gold standard, at the lowest rate (2 per cent) ever known to any government, or shall we return to a Democratic Bryan party, on a silver basis, with prospects of paying 6 or 12 per cent interest? We must pursue a policy of permanency and stability. It must go hand in hand with prosperity, under, as now, Republican rule, or distrust, instability and disastrous times must ensue, which to my mind is in store for us if Mr. Bryan is elected. It behooves every citizen to choose wisely. A wise protective policy

is now in force for the protection of American industries, which largely aided in bringing about present prosperity. Much is said about Imperialism, this, in my judgment, is simply a scarecrow, dressed up for the occasion. An Imperial Domain under a wise Republican form of government, we need for our growing population. The islands of the sea we need to furnish new markets, also to stimulate and build up our inadequate commerce, which we can legitimately protect under our navigation laws. It must be borne in mind that in another 125 years, we will probably have a population of four hundred million people. The wise statesman will make provision for this growing national family.

A wise expansion is necessary for our expanding family. What nation is better prepared by experience, education and humane instincts to assume the high responsibilities assigned to us by Providence and imposed upon us by the Treaty of Paris? This task we cannot evade, if we would, without national disgrace. The task has been laid upon us by the great Jehovah, and by His aid we will perform it freely, fairly, valiantly and humanely.

The banner of our country floats majestically over these acquired possessions and testifies, as it ever has, to those living under its folds, its humane, wise and liberal laws for the government of its people, our patriotic sons have willingly died in its honor and its defense, and their comrades will not see that flag lowered without a struggle. These islands of the sea are for our wise development, their rich and varied products are for America and largely for the enterprise of the Pacific states; here is to be distributed the rich and varied products of these islands in exchange for products of other climes and other nations that may seek our markets.

The man or party that seeks to thwart this policy, will be repudiated by the Pacific coast, if not by the whole American people.

The pending issue is, permanence and a fixed and enduring standard in our monetary system, as against free and unlimited coinage of silver with no provision to maintain it at a parity with gold.

Second. Shall we maintain our rightfully acquired authority and develop the Philippine archipelago, enlighten and educate its people, and extend to its inhabitants the blessings of liberty under an American representative government, as soon as they are prepared to embrace it, or allow Mr. Bryan to haul down our flag and abandon the islands that our brave sons so valiantly fought for, or allow Germany or some other European power to take possession of this rich inheritance, and the blood shed by our sons count for naught.

No one following the trend of events during the past three years can ignore the general prosperity, the largely increased export of all manufactured goods, and other products, and the large trade balance in our favor; the increased production of and prices of wool and other products under protective policy. The high prices of sheep and cattle and fair prices for other farm products in our own state, is too apparent to be ignored, considering the large amount produced. The general advance of wages and the bettered condition of the community in general, all tends to show that a change in policy under Mr. Bryan, from past experience under change of administrations, would be a great misfortune and in many respects a great calamity. He is a man of determined purposes, and those purposes are to overthrow the policies so carefully inaugurated by the Republican party and administrations, for the best interest of the nation, and under which we have gained great renown and greater prosperity than ever known in this or any other country.

We, as a commercial nation, are fast becoming the great entrepo for exchange in products and the financial cen-

ter of the world, and no proposed change can better our condition.

The history of the Republican party is before you. Under it, slavery, a blot on the national escutcheon, was abolished. Protection has been given to all infant and languishing industries, building up cities, and manufacturing towns, to consume the surplus product of the farm, furnishing employment to thousands that otherwise might be idle and an unproductive element. Our manufactured products furnish a basis for exchange largely in our favor, whereby in our national wealth we have outstripped all other nations. Our people are universally educated, universities are being stimulated with large endowments by wealthy men, inventive genius and science are being developed by and through our liberal system of education. Homes for the homeless have been given to the industrious, and we are expanding our national domain as opportunity offers, for future generations.

Native Sons of Oregon, a long line of beneficent rule under Republican administrations is before you. Choose you between such administration and the proposed experimental vagaries of Mr. Bry-

an. Between good government and anarchic tendencies. Between sound, stable money, as against a depreciated and fluctuating currency. Between additional domain for those who come after us, expansion in American education, humanity, commerce and trade and additional markets for our increasing products, or the abandonment of a policy that curbs American ambition, genius and enterprise, that has so long characterized our national spirit, and that has made us great and prosperous.

As well attempt to arrest the sun in its daily course, from east to west, or obscure its rays in its fructifying influence upon the earth, as to arrest the march of American civilization and enterprise. The American Republic must and will perform its great part in the drama of the world's history now being enacted. Shall it be arrested even for four years in its splendid achievements and onward march in civilization and renown?

N. R. Corbett



W. H. H. DUFUR,
A Pioneer of 1859.



WILLIAM SYLVESTER KINNEY,
A Native Son of Oregon

IMPERIALISM.

JOHN J. VALENTINE.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17, 1900.
To the Oregon Native Son:

In compliance with your courteous request, I offer for your consideration some of my views on the subject of Imperialism. They are hastily thrown together, because of the limited time at my command; yet I trust will be found worthy of serious attention.

First, what is imperialism? The Oxford dictionary, a publication of this year, and the product of the greatest care and co-operation of American as well as English scholars, defines imperialism as

The principle or spirit of empire: In recent English politics the principle or policy:

1. Of seeking or at least of not refusing an extension of the British empire where trading interests and investments require the protection of the flag.

2. Of so uniting the different parts of the empire having separate governments, as to secure that, for certain purposes, such as warlike defense, internal commerce, copyright and postal communications, they shall be practically a single state.

3. In the United States imperialism is similarly applied to the new policy of extending the rule of the American people over foreign countries, and of acquiring and holding distant dependencies in the way in which colonies and dependencies are held by European states.

Second, what is the nature of the issue now at stake? I submit the following extracts from the speech of Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the United States Senate, April 17th, last:

The issue presented by the president's war of subjugation in the Philippines is more momentous than any with which our country has had to do since the landing of the Pilgrims.

To every people belongs the right to establish its own government in its own way.

The question of justice and righteousness is: Have we the right to crush and hold under our feet an unwilling and subject people whom we had treated as allies, whose independence we are bound in good faith to re-

spect, who had established their own free government, and who had trusted us?

We have no right under the constitution to hold subject states.

The United States cannot, with honor, buy the title of a dispossessed tyrant, nor crush a republic.

There lies at the bottom of imperialism a doctrine which, adopted, is to revolutionize the world in favor of despotism.

Note what Mr. Hoar calls it "the President's war of subjugation," and by their plain meaning his words evidence their importance.

Regarding parallels drawn between the Louisiana purchase and forcible annexation of the Philippines, Senator Hoar said in the same speech:

The men who say that Jefferson violated the doctrine of the Declaration when he bought Louisiana, and John Quincy Adams when he acquired Florida, and Sumner when he made his great speech for Alaska, might, with as much reason, justify a rape by citing the precedent of every lawful marriage that has taken place since the beginning of time.

So far as the anti-imperialists are concerned in the welfare of the colored people of the United States: At their convention at Indianapolis on the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, they adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That in declaring that the principles of the Declaration of Independence apply to all men, this congress means to include the Negro race in America as well as the Filipinos. We deprecate all efforts, whether in the South or in the North, to deprive the Negro of his rights as a citizen under the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

As the Republican party has been in absolute control of the government, legislative, executive and judicial, for three and a half years, I ask what it or Mr. McKinley has done or said for the colored people of the United States? If President McKinley has manifested any interest in them, at home or abroad, since he began his policy of "forcible annexa-

tion," "criminal aggression," and "benevolent assimilation," I am not aware of it.

To any one who considers these views erroneous or peculiar, I respectfully recommend the careful perusal of Senator Hoar's speech of April 17th, last. I know of no arraignment of President McKinley's administration more elaborate or more severe, though Gen. John B. Henderson, of Missouri, also a Republican, recently said:

If the last two years had to be lived over again the Philippine war would not exist, imposing as it has the stain of ambition, aggression, avarice, greed, ingratitude, treachery, cruelty and despotism; and the English oppression of the Boers would have been equally impossible.

All these troubles were foreseen and prophesied by the anti-imperialists. Rome furnished examples in her colonies. Spain had done likewise and if England would now restore one tithe of the treasure plundered by her officials in India, the seventy millions of her starving subjects in that wretched country could be saved from untimely graves.

Moreover, the national conventions of the Democratic, the Silver Republican, the Populist, the Prohibitionist, the anti-Imperialist, and the Independent National parties have all condemned the imperialistic course of the federal administration.

It is asserted that "imperialism" is a "figment of the brain" and anti-imperialists are asked to produce the emperor or even his shadow. The forms of imperialism never appear until after its essence has gained a hold on the government. And the people are now face to face with the essence of imperialism. The term is not of recent invention. It has an established meaning for precisely the tendencies now under consideration. Froude, the English historian, is writing of the imperializing of Rome, of imperial rule and an imperialistic overthrow of the Roman Republic, when he says: "If there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this: That free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own Constitution, the Constitution itself will fall to pieces, through mere incompe-

tence for its duties." And Imperial Rome began when Republican Rome entered upon a career of conquest and refused to admit its dependencies to share in the Roman Constitution. That was imperialism, not expansion; and it differs in no essential respect from the policy which Mr. McKinley's administration would now force upon the United States.

The United States Investor's Review, published at Boston, in its issue of July 26th, says:

Only a blind person can fail to see that transformations of one kind or another are in store for our race; hence the folly of asserting that the policy of this country, which is destined to play such a leading part in human affairs of the future, shall be governed for the most part by political maxims uttered more than a hundred years ago. The greatest evil which now confronts this republic is the clamor raised by a certain faction for a settlement of our problems of state by just such a method as we have been deprecating. Considerably more than a century ago a certain notable declaration was made in this country, to the effect that all men ought to be free and independent. This is merely a generalization of the French school of Voltaire and the encyclopedists. It is a dictum absolutely lacking foundation in history, and incapable of syllogistic justification. It was, however, a handy phrase for us to employ when asserting our right to break away from the mother country; it suited the exigencies of our situation in 1776 admirably, though in itself but a bit of sublimated demagogism. The declaration was a serviceable means to the end that was at that time desired. To bring forward this declaration in the year 1900, in connection with our treatment of the Filipinos and the Cubans, is as gross an absurdity as ever was practiced. To do so is to offer an insult to the intelligence of the people who first subscribed to the declaration in question.

Gen. Foulke, a McKinley Republican of Indiana, is reported in the press as saying:

The statement that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is not true, and never has been.

(Or take the following from the Des Moines, (Ia.) Globe:

For a long time thinking people who have large commercial interests have felt unsafe with our present form of government from the fact that we are controlled by the little cheap-John politicians and ward heelers. A constitutional monarchy is probably the most desirable plan that we could now adopt.

Everything is ripe for the change. We believe that history and experience have proved beyond cavil that a republican form of government cannot subsist beyond a certain stage. Neither is the change to be dreaded or looked forward to with foreboding. While we are in fact largely under the conditions of a monarchy, we have the evils without the benefits of the same.

All this is bald and undisguised imperialism; and that it is in line with the aim of the present administration, is at length officially recognized in the recent circular of the "United States Military Government in the Philippines" (April 30, 1900) which writes to American school superintendents for aid and advice "in the civilization of this new part of our empire."

In the campaign of four years ago, Henry George spoke in New York a few hours before his death, as follows.

If the republic shall be saved! This is the doubt that determines my vote tomorrow; this is the question that has weighed on me ever since I reached intellectual maturity and began to strive to discover how all republics before our own had passed into monarchies and despotisms, and how, since freedom is the natural estate of men, the masses of mankind have everywhere been enslaved. While we have been glorying in the mere forms of the republic and permitting the Hannas to wrap themselves in the American flag, and suffering patriotism to be used as what Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his dictionary defined it to be—"the last refuge of a scoundrel;" all that is worth preserving in the republic has been passing away under our eyes, and the American republic is dying as the Roman republic died, but by steps as much quicker as the modern steamship and locomotive are quicker than the ancient galley and chariot.

In the light of the events of the past three years Mr. George's words sound like prophecy. And yet, there is an all-sufficient salvation. The laboring man is a citizen and a voter, and the wage-earners, as a whole, are numerous enough to decide the election. Thus they have it in their power to remedy at the polls every injustice which can be remedied by government.

The Chicago Record (Independent) recently said:

The explanation of Mr. Bryan's popularity must be sought in a cause which lies deeper than any particular political issue. That

cause is to be found in a growing belief among the people that their government is slipping away from them into the control of powerful special interests. In their view, the tariff is the mother of the trusts; imperialism is a costly crusade for political and commercial spoils; the government itself is a citadel of special privilege. They see in the commercialism that has debauched our municipal, state and national governments, the sufficient cause of our political ills. Mr. Bryan peculiarly represents the forces that seek to overthrow those who have tried to turn the flag into a "commercial asset." His admirers wish to destroy the influences that stand between the people and their government. He represents a rising tide of democracy, in kind like those of 1800 and 1828. One need not regard without apprehension all that such a movement involves to see in it much that is good. Whether it is now to succeed or fail, this movement embodies the true democratic spirit. Herein lies the source of his popularity. In this he has found his inspiration.

Mr. Bryan has ranged himself and the great party behind him on the right side of the debate. He throws the whole organized power of the Democracy into the fight against the imperialistic programme. From the standpoint of all men who are opposed to the revolutionary departure of the present administration, his course on this issue at least, is removed from censure. His agitation and his leadership, more than any other forces, have brought into this struggle for the Republic against the Empire, one of the great organized parties of the people. Demur as some men may to the party's attitude on the financial question, its position on the crucial test of our democracy is right, and Mr. Bryan deserves the suffrages of the American people for having set it squarely upon that footing.

If the wage-earners, who must pay the bills for glory, do not care, then imperialism is here to stay. The question is, Republic or Empire! "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Those who think the dollar more important than the rights of man, can vote for Mr. McKinley. I shall vote for Mr. Bryan.

Perhaps some will ask: How about Free Silver? I answer, the Republican platform proclaims:

We renew our allegiance to the principle of the gold standard, and declare our confidence in the wisdom of the legislation of the Fifty-sixth congress, by which the parity of all our money and the stability of our currency on a gold basis have been secured.

If they have not been secured, why not? Moreover, should Mr. Bryan be elected, a Republican House, Senate and President will have four months left in which to remedy any defects in the existing legislation to fortify and sustain the gold standard.

In conclusion, I again quote from Senator Hoar:

I ask you to keep in the old channels, and to keep off the old rocks laid down in the old charts, and to follow the old sailing or-

ders that all the old captains of other days have obeyed; to take your bearings, as of old, from the north star.

"Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

and not from this meteoric light of empire.

To which I add these noble lines from Emerson:

United States! the ages plead.
Present and Past in under-song;
Go put your creed into your deed.
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand.
Nor skies without a frown
See right, for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.



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BURNTBRIDGE CREEK.

In regard to the creek north of Vancouver barracks, known as Marble or Burntbridge creek, concerning the true name of which inquiry was received from Marcus Barker, secretary of the United States board of geographical names, the following facts are furnished by T. A. Wood: A bridge was built across this creek by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1836, when the country around was covered with primeval forest. The creek was then known as Bridge creek. In 1840 a great fire swept over that section, consuming the forest and the bridge, leaving nothing but blackened stumps. The creek after that was called Burntbridge creek. Some distance down the creek a man named Marble took up a donation land claim and built a mill. This was known as Marble's mill, and

the section was known as Marble's, and the creek in that vicinity was called Marble creek. The original name of the creek was Bridge creek; but, after the fire and the burning of the bridge, this was changed to Burntbridge creek, which has since continued to be its designation. The most natural thing imaginable in connection with the creek is the bridge; but in the early days of the footlog and the trail, bridges were not so common as now, and the fact that a bridge was built across this creek by the Hudson's Bay Company made it notorious, and entitled it to the name of Bridge creek, to distinguish it from the scores of other creeks in that section which had no bridges. To name a creek Bridge creek now would be about on a par with naming it Water creek.

HOW CAPTAIN DOBBINS WAS PROMOTED.

A SCRAP OF IDAHO HISTORY.

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The spring of 1863 found me possessed of only the small capital of a mountain prospector, digging away industriously in a little gulch, one mile from Placerville, Idaho. I had found a fair prospect, and for some time had great hopes of filling a good-sized wallet before the season closed; but when I had gotten my claim open ready for work, the rain ceased, and my supply of water failed rapidly and was not sufficient to run the sluices. This was a sore disappointment. There were strong reasons why I wished to make money enough to return to the Willamette valley and purchase a little farm, which, all unknown to the owner, I had been for the last two years converting into a modern farm of my own. In my imagination I had purchased this farm many times, always cash down, for I was resolved never to be in debt. In the same pleasing and easy way, every acre of it had been vastly improved. The spring beyond the garden had been coaxed through a pipe and bubbled from a polished faucet in the kitchen. The struggling grapevines in the yard were trained into an arbor leading from the gate to the front door; fine blooded horses and cattle sported in the pastures, and flowers shed sweet perfume all about. I had also drained the marsh beyond the barn and erected a neat little woodshed, with hopvines clustering about the eaves. These pleasing fancies were generally indulged in as I sat alone in my cabin, when my day's work was done, and I had nothing else to do. My designs on this farm were kept strictly private. Only once, before leaving home, had they been told in a burst of confidence to one who I trusted would sympathize with my hopes and encourage my daring ambition. I did not mistake her, as it seemed an easy thing

to her, for me to dig a little gold from the ground, return, buy as much land as I wanted, and make all improvements we might think necessary. Her trusting nature could not think it possible for me to fail in any undertaking, and she immediately began to straighten up the little farm herself. Her first work was to pull down the rickety fence and burn the rickety wood-shed. It was wonderful how much better everything looked after she had talked five minutes.

But that is another story than the one which I set out to tell. It has not been mentioned by accident, nor because at this late date it is still uppermost in my mind, but for the purpose of offering to the reader a paliation, if not an excuse, for the part which I afterwards took in the promotion of Captain Dobbins.

One day, about the first of June, I went up town for some provisions, scarcely knowing whether to return to work my claim or not.

Placerville is laid out with a plaza in the center. This plaza was about two hundred feet square, and was a favorite place to exhibit horses, as well as to display horsemanship. When I arrived a vicious Mexican broncho had just thrown its rider on the square, and another plucky fellow was preparing to mount. He had scarcely touched the saddle until he was sprawling on the ground, and the victorious horse ran back to the stable. He was again brought out, and a Mexican, a celebrated "vaquero," placed his foot in the stirrup and swung himself gracefully into the saddle. This was a hard contest. It was Mexico against Mexico, and rider and horse played their parts well for some time. The Mexican rode for conquest, but the horse struggled for liberty. At last liberty won and the Mexican lay

on the ground. A roar of laughter from the by-standers followed his fall, and no one seemed inclined to further contest supremacy with the wiry steed. I had been deeply interested in this struggle, and my blood was warmed in witnessing the courage and skill displayed by the Mexican, and did not feel like laughing at his fall, being a horseman. I knew how well he rode, and had noted the peculiar trick by which he had been thrown. When he arose with a badly sprained ankle, and was unable to mount again, I assisted him to the sidewalk and said, "If it will not offend you, I will ride that horse."

A shout of derision greeted me from all sides. That settled it. I sprang into the saddle. The horse seemed to know that I was his master the moment I touched the reins, and would have behaved quietly enough had I wished him to; but it was not my intention to ride quietly around while a hundred miners were looking on, not one of whom believed I could ride a horse which had thrown that Mexican. I therefore bullied the horse into rebellion and forced him to do his best, using every trick to make him jump, and jump he did, until he was thoroughly tired. The admiration of the crowd was won at last. Even the much discomfited Spaniard, standing on one foot, swung his white "sombbrero" and cried "Much a wano, Senor!" A leather "rieta" was done up in a neat coil, and fastened to the croup of the saddle. This I undone and gave some exhibit of my skill with a lasso.

Darting towards any object which offered me a mark, I threw my rope upon it and performed various feats until the crowd gave me cheers to my heart's content. When I dismounted a stranger inquired where I had learned to ride.

"In Oregon," I answered.

"Can all the boys ride that way in Oregon?"

"Probably not, but all the young men can ride well, and are not afraid of a wild colt."

"Can you shoot a rifle and pistol?"

With some pride I answered, "I have never been beaten with either."

"What are you doing?"

"Mining."

"Have you a good claim?"

"A good claim but no water."

"Ah! What are you going to do? You don't look like a man who would sit in his cabin and wait for it to rain."

"I don't know; I may go prospecting."

After a moment's scrutiny, in which he looked me over thoroughly, he said, "I should like to see your claim. May I go with you to your cabin?"

As we walked along I had an opportunity to observe my strange companion. He was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, five feet ten inches in height and weighed, as I afterwards learned, one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His hair and eyes were black and he was badly sunburned, which gave him a reddish-brown color, nearly as dark as an Indian. He was decidedly a handsome fellow, the frank, open countenance, but there was a dare-devil look about him which made me wonder who he was.

When we were seated in my cabin, he said, "Now, I have asked a great many questions, and, of course, you want to know why I have sought your acquaintance. I learned from one of the miners while you were riding that your name is David Snell. My name is Bob Fitzhugh. I have been on the plains since I was a boy, and have sometimes acted as a scout for Uncle Sam. You may have heard of me. I have gone to scouting for my own command and like it much better than under orders, especially as the troops recently sent to Idaho know nothing about Indian warfare, and could not tell a war trail from a beaver slide. I am now hunting a partner. I can offer such inducements that there is no difficulty in finding a man who is willing to become my partner, but the kind of man I want is not found every day. For the last ten days I have been quietly observing the manners and habits of the men about Placerville and have found some objection to all. Most of them

chew tobacco, all of them carry jack-knives, and three out of every four of them are whittling whenever they are idle."

I looked at my strange companion in surprise. What could he mean by this? What earthly difference could it make to him whether a man whittled or not in his idle moments? He continued:

"I don't want a man who chews tobacco or carries a jack-knife and who cannot walk without his toes pointing straight ahead."

I opened my eyes wide in astonishment. Was it possible this handsome fellow was a lunatic?

"My partner," he continued, "must be an extraordinary man. He must be a crack shot with rifle or pistol; must ride like a Comanche and throw a rope like a Mexican vaquero; he must not have a habit of talking loud, halloaing or singing; must be able to dive or swim like a duck; to endure cold, heat and fatigue; to exert himself three or four days without food and be able at all times to whip his weight in wildcats. I knew the moment you mounted that horse, you were the very man I was looking for. If you will go with me we will make some money, and not have any hard work to do."

"What kind of business do you intend to engage in?" I asked.

"Well, horse stealing," he laughed.

"You have made a mistake. I am not a horse thief."

"Hold on until I explain. You know the Snake Indians are on the war trail; they have been raiding the border for several years, and have stolen several thousand head of horses. They have never let an opportunity slip to murder or steal. It is no robbery to re-take stolen horses or capture ponies belonging to the Indians, when they are on the war trail.

"At the present moment Uncle Sam is confiscating property belonging to the rebels whenever he can lay hands on it. Captain Dobbins, who is located at Fort Boise, has worn his cavalry horses out racing after the Snakes without taking a horse or killing an Indian. The citizens,

thinking they could beat the regulars, have been out several times with no better success. Now, I can do just what the others have failed to do. I can capture those horses."

"But how do you expect to do this without any army at your back?"

"I could never get a horse if an army was anywhere near me. I propose to go into the Indian country. Looking and acting just like an Indian, steal all the horses I can and then rush for the settlements."

"I can well understand how you would rush for the settlements if those Snake Indians were after you, but do not understand how you are to make a white man look like an Indian."

"O, that's easy enough. I have made two trips and brought back horses both times. I have gone right among them without being detected. As for you, with a few strips of buckskin, some feathers and paint, I can make as good a looking young Indian as ever stepped in moccasins. I know every man cannot do what I can, no more than every man can ride a horse or throw a rope like you do. I know just what I am about, and if you will go with me and strictly obey my instructions, we can make a lot of money. We will deliver the horses we take to the whites from whom they were stolen by the Indians, but we will charge them a round sum for re-taking them. I will furnish the entire outfit, and we will divide all we make."

The little farm, with all its new improvements, spread itself before my delighted eyes, and I decided to go before he had ceased speaking.

"All right," I answered, "when shall we start?"

"I will return to Placerville," he answered, "to purchase supplies, and will meet you on the public square tomorrow at noon."

At the appointed time we started, mounted on good horses, and leading a third which carried our camp outfit. My mount was a splendid bay, whose natural beauty was enhanced by a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. The cantenas held

a pair of ivory-handled navy Colt's pistols, and a Henry rifle, in a leathern case, hung from the pommel of the saddle. Once on our way, we traveled along at a swinging gait, taking the road toward Boise City, via. Bannock. After traveling about twenty miles, we struck a trail leading south toward Salmon Falls on Snake river. Following this trail, the second day out, we came to a sage-brush plain. Here was nothing but sage, sand and alkali. Not a living thing crossed our path. We traveled for miles without even seeing a bird. Toward evening we came to the foothills, reaching down from our left. Here was plenty of grass, and now and then a small pine tree. Suddenly a young antelope crossed our trail, going at full speed, though evidently fatigued, for its head was bent low and its tongue was protruding from its mouth. A single glance was sufficient to show that it was being hotly pursued by something.

"Get ready to fight," said Bob, in a low, determined voice, as he drew his rifle from its scabbard. Our rifles were carried in such a manner as to be of little inconvenience. A loop held the breech to the pommel of the saddle, while the barrel lay along the side of the horse, the muzzle pointing downward near its flank. The rider's left leg held the gun securely against the horse's side, and it need not be touched with his hands, unless when it was to be drawn from the scabbard.

As I laid my hand on my gun to obey Bob's order, I looked in the direction from whence the antelope came. At that moment a large grey wolf, as large as a Newfoundland dog, bounded in sight, with his long, strong muzzle close to the ground. He was following the antelope with the unerring instinct of a trained hound, moving swiftly in "that long, low gallop which can tire, the hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire."

"Don't shoot; but try your horse on that fellow," said Bob.

I had been trailing my rope on the ground to make it more pliable and easy to handle. My horse was eager for the chase. I gave him the rein, coiling the

rope as I went. Before the wolf had gone half a mile I was within a hundred feet of him, holding my horse under tight rein until we came to an open piece of ground where there was no sage-brush to interfere, when I slackened my rein and swung my rope. With a noble burst of speed my bay sprung forward. The wolf could not respond, and the rope coiled round his neck with a snap. He plunged like a salmon on a hook, snapping his jaws viciously. Knowing his teeth would cut like a knife, I finished him with a shot from my pistol to save my rope.

"That was well done," said Bob, when I had overtaken him, "it is not often one of those fellows is taken in that manner. How do you like your horse?"

"Splendid. He is worth a thousand dollars."

"Well, then, I make you a present of him, so you are worth a thousand dollars more than you were when you started."

Passionately fond of horses I was delighted with Bob's present. He was indeed one to be proud of, and I had been planning to buy him ever since we started.

"He is a thoroughbred," said Bob, "has been trained for the track, and it is doubtful if anything in Idaho can overtake him. If either of us is out-riden by the Snakes it will not be you."

We were nearing Salmon Falls and could hear the dreadful roar of the river as it leaped from its granite bed to be dashed to pieces on the rocks 60 feet below. Here we turned north and traveled until midnight, when we camped in a little valley where the grass was knee high. Before it was fairly light I could hear the splash of trout jumping in the water. I was soon dressed and after securing a bit of fresh beef, which we had brought with us, I baited a hook, took the first stick I found for a rod, and made my way through the tall grass until I came to a little stream, about six feet wide. Here the speckled beauties were making a breakfast of some early insects which were hovering about the water. Cautiously my hook was drop-

ped below the swarm of flies. I did not wait for a bite. Never did I have such fishing. They fought for my bait like chickens for a pan of dough. In five minutes I had enough for breakfast. At this place on his last trip Bob had left some horses and here we left ours. I was afraid I would never see my beautiful bay again, but Bob said we were much safer on foot, so we cached our camp outfit as securely as we could, hanging our provisions in the bushes out of the reach of wolves, then we prepared to assume our disguise. With brown paint mixed with oil, we painted our bodies, rubbing thoroughly from head to heel, until not a vestige of white skin remained in sight. Beaded moccasins supplanted our boots and fringed buckskin leggings, reaching to our knees, took the place of our pants, while a calico shirt, descending to the waist, supplied our upper clothing. Bob's hair was long, reaching to his shoulders. He had worn it long, braided and fastened on top of his head. After he had loosened it he handed me a wig made in some ingenious manner out of the hair of a horse's tail. It fitted me nicely, and after a few stripes of vermillion paint were added to my face, Bob declared my costume was complete. I had been so occupied with my own dressing that I had not noticed Bob's progress. As he now stood before me I laughed so loud that he looked around with apprehension lest I should be heard by some foe. When he handed me a small mirror and my eyes were turned upon myself, I roared with uncontrolled laughter. Talk of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! They could not hold a candle to Bob and me. It was really wonderful what a change we had made when we were transformed from a couple of good-looking young fellows into a couple of Snake Indians, and devilish ill-looking Indians at that. Bob's transformation especially was complete. His own mother could not possibly have known him. His handsome features had undergone a complete re-arrangement and their combined effect was something truly appalling. When he looked at me,

I involuntarily reached for my gun and could scarcely escape from the impression that he was about to scalp me then and there.

"Now," said he, raising his tomahawk hand impressively. "There are a thousand things you must learn before we are safe from detection. You are no longer a white man, you are an Indian. You look like one, and you must act like one. An Indian does not walk with his toes turned out, but points them straight ahead; he carries his gun mostly in his hand, resting his arm at his elbow, never on his shoulder; when in motion he is the very picture of stealth. He may be known from a white man when walking or riding a mile distant. He neither walks, rides, eats, drinks or sleeps like a white man; and when he dies, he seeks a secluded spot like a dog. Inferior to us in most respects, he nevertheless has his strong points. He is the shrewdest detective in the world; he will follow a trail for days which no eye but his can see. You cannot make a mark or slight scratch on the ground, over which he roams, but he will understand how, when and for what purpose it was made. Constant danger has rendered him acute. His eye searches for danger signals as a hawk for prey. He suspects everything, but nothing so much as a white man. He will glance over a deserted camp, tell when the fire was kindled, when they went out, how many and what kind of people camped there and how they cooked; where they came from, where going and what was their business. He will know how they were mounted, armed, and how much provisions they carried. Once, when employed by the government, I scouted with a Warm Spring Indian. We came to a place near the head of the Malheur river where some travelers had camped. I looked the spot over and said 'two Indians camped here to cook their dinner yesterday.' The Indian shook his head and said, 'Siwash wake mitilite citcum sun'—Indians don't stop at noon. Then he pointed to where a bucket of water had been thrown on the ground. The impression was plain

to be seen, but the water had all sunk away and the ground was parched and dry. I corrected my remark by saying, 'Yes; it was day before yesterday, but I think it was Indians camped here. See they make a small fire.' He rejoined, 'Wake Siwash. Uckook Bos—No Indians. They were white men who camped here. Then he stooped to pick up a small fine-cut shaving which had been cut from a willow stick, such an one as only could have been made with a sharp, fine-edged knife, by some one whittling carefully. As I still looked incredulous, he next plucked a blade of grass with a dark stain upon it and held it before my eyes in triumph. The stain was made by tobacco juice. I yielded. Indians never carry pocket knives or keep a smooth edge on their butcher knives; they never chew tobacco and are seldom seen to whittle with any kind of a knife. I told the scout he was correct. They were probably a couple of prospectors. He went to a large rock and called my attention to impressions made in the dust by the butts of two guns, such guns as are used in the army, not such rifles as prospectors carry. I was beaten again, but when the scout said, 'Uckook mysika tilicum clatawa nanitch siwash. Lacket sun nanitch copa Salmon Falls—they are scouts, our friends. In four days we shall see them at Salmon Falls—I was completely nonplussed, but concluded to say nothing but wait for developments. On the fourth day we camped at Salmon Falls and had the pleasure of meeting two of Uncle Sam's scouts who verified the Indian's predictions in every particular. I tell you all this," said Bob, "that you may know something about the kind of people you have come to deceive. But I have learned many things since I made that trip and feel certain we will win. It will take you years to learn all these things. The best plan is for you to follow me and act as near like me as you can. We are going directly into the Snake country. I speak the language of every red scamp between here and the Missouri river. If we meet anyone, white or red, let me do the talking."

Our cartridges and provisions were in small buckskin pouches swung under our left arms. Neatly coiled in the bottom of these pouches lay our rietas. Lastly, throwing our blankets across our shoulders and taking our rifles in hand, we started. Bob talked but little. He stalked along with a dignified silence and stoical demeanor which would have delighted the renowned chief, Big Thunder, himself. He seemed to scorn the earth and all upon it, not deigning to notice me except on rare occasions. I verily believe he was trying to imagine he was an Indian in order to more readily pass for one in case occasion required it. His whole demeanor was changed with his color.

This conduct annoyed me not a little. I could see no necessity for all those Indian airs while we were alone in the mountains and supposed at the time they were intended to impress me with his importance as a scout. I come to know later Bob was a natural actor, and always when playing a role, played it to perfection. He walked along perfectly at his ease; his straps, strings, moccasins and paint fitted him to perfection. As for myself, I was very uncomfortable. I had great difficulty in keeping my pieces of buckskin in place. Some string was constantly coming undone, then I would kneel or sit down on the ground and wrestle with them in a manner which must have resembled a squaw digging kous or picking strawberries, rather than a warrior adjusting his apparel. In spite of my annoyance I was forced to laugh many times at the utter ridiculousness of the whole proceeding. Bob's actions continued to remind me so forcibly of a blood-thirsty Indian that I sometimes fancied he might be at any rate a half-breed, bent on some kind of mischief towards me. I knew this was a foolish thought and tried to banish it, yet it would stay uppermost in my mind, sometimes varying its horror by whispering I was alone in the mountains with an armed lunatic. On the second day from camp, Bob asked me if I could not walk with my toes turned in a little more. This I endeavored to do but it

became very tiresome and gave me pain in the knees. Once, when we were going down hill covered with grass so we made no tracks, I threw my toes out nearly at right angles to the course I was going and walked along to get a rest. This was too much for my Indian, and he laughed for the first time in two days. After this I was more resigned to his company and went forward more cheerfully.

After four days' travel, we were about one hundred miles above Salmon Falls, well into the Snake country, but none had been seen. Bob became more cautious every hour. He had a good field glass with which he scanned the surrounding country for dust, smoke or other signs of savages. Our camps were model Indian camps in every particular; the fire was small and built of sticks broken short and set on end; no scraps of food was left scattered about except some small pieces of dried venison, salmon and kous, which were brought along for that purpose. On starting in the morning, a feather from Bob's head-dress would fall near the fire where his moccasin tracks were plain to be seen. Had an Indian passed that way, he would have seen where a couple of his brethren had passed and nothing more. Had we left a biscuit, a piece of bacon, cigarette, quid of tobacco, toothpick, or anything to excite his suspicion, the alarm would have been given and we have been hunted to death or back to the settlements.

Deer and antelope were now plenty. We could have enjoyed a hunter's paradise with our repeating guns had we dared to use them for such game. One day a deer ran past but a short distance ahead of us. Bob dropped in the snug grass and lay snug as a quail. I had learned to follow suit and dropped also without knowing what it meant. A moment later, four Indians came following along the trail. After they had passed, and we were secreted in the timber near by, I asked Bob how he knew the Snakes were coming.

"Because that deer was wounded and Indians always follow their game closely

after it is crippled. That deer was badly wounded and cannot go but a short distance. It will stop and turn at bay when it reaches that little stream over there. We will wait here until we see what happens next."

In a few moments we heard a single shot.

"They have got it," said Bob.

"Maybe they missed it," I answered.

"If the first shot had not killed it there would have been more shooting done," he replied.

In about a quarter of an hour, we saw the Indians coming back, apparently in great glee, but without the deer. I looked at Bob in confirmation of my suggestion that it had escaped. He quietly remarked:

"We are near an Indian camp. They are returning and will send their squaws for the game. They hunt in large parties in this section and at this time of the year their camp has just been pitched. Game is too plentiful and tame to have been hunted much lately. We are not far from camp, or these lazy fellows would have been on their ponies. I think they have just arrived and these hunters came out a short distance to look for signs of game. They will now go direct to camp and we will soon know how far it is to it."

We lay closely concealed for about an hour, when there appeared coming across the crest of the hill, walking briskly in single file, about a dozen squaws. They went directly towards the place where the shot had been fired, evidently going, as Bob had predicted, after the deer. When they had passed out of sight Bob said:

"That tells the story. The camp, or very likely it is a large village, is about two miles from here, just beyond that bald hill you see yonder. Now, Dave, you have never been in as close a place in your life as you are right now; but you may be in a much closer one before morning. I noticed that you did not change color when those bucks passed so close to us, and I am better satisfied with you than ever. There are many

brave men, but very few effective men in a fight. I mean that there are many men who will stand their ground and die before making a disgraceful retreat, but only a few who can become a terror to their enemies. But you are all right. You can run like a wolf or fight like a devil, which ever may be required."

After awhile the squaws came toiling along back, each carrying on her back

a portion of the venison. They did not appear to be as merry as the hunters had been. Poor women! Savage customs fall heaviest on those least able to bear them. They performed the drudgery, while their lords enjoyed what sport could be found in their mode of existence. When the coast was clear again we left our hiding place and started to find the camp.

(To be continued.)



PIONEER MARRIAGES—WASCO COUNTY.

In the May 1900 number of the Native Son, the statement was made that the union of Dr. W. C. McKay and Miss Margaret Campbell was the first marriage ceremony performed in Wasco county. This statement has since been found to be erroneous. The doctor's marriage is admitted to have been the first one placed on record, but two others are known to have ante-dated his by some considerable time.

The Dalles Chronicle made investigation in the premises, and from its columns it is learned that the first marriage occurred September 18, 1853. This was the marriage of Mr. Geo. Snipes and

emnized at the old quarters of Major Granville O. Haller, in old Fort Dalles. Nathan Olney performed the ceremony, and these were witnesses: Eliza Pigott, a sister of Mrs. Cushing, Major and Mrs. G. O. Haller, Captain and Mrs. M. Maloney, Lieut. Forsythe, Dr. Summers, the post surgeon, Mrs. Caleb—now Mrs. Schurtz—Sergeant James McAuliff, and Musician James Whitebread. The certificate of marriage reads as follows:

Territory of Oregon.

County of Wasco, ss.

I do hereby certify that on the 16th day of April, A. D., 1854, Mr. M. M. Cushing and Miss Mary Pigott, both of the county and precinct aforesaid, were by me joined together, with their mutual consent, in the bonds of wedlock; and I did first ascertain that the said parties were of sufficient age to consent to the same.

Given under my hand this 16th day of April, A. D. 1854. NATHAN OLNEY,

Justice of Peace for Wasco Co.

The writing is on a piece of blue paper, discolored with age, but the words are perfectly legible. The marriage was put on record, but the record has either been misplaced or destroyed.

The marriage certificate of Dr. McKay reads as follows:

Territory of Oregon, County of Wasco, ss.:

This is to certify that the undersigned, a justice of the peace, did on the 3rd day of October, 1856, join in lawful wedlock, William C. McKay and Miss M. Campbell, in the presence of Dr. Atkins, Dr. Bates, R. R. Thompson and many other witnesses. Oh! what a glorious time we had.

C. W. SHANG,
Justice of the Peace.

At this time Wasco county had not been organized, but was included within the limits of Clackamas county. The ceremony, however, was performed at The Dalles, and can for that reason be considered Wasco county. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Gustavus Hines, and took place where the Umatilla House now stands. There was quite a romance connected with this episode, as an elopement preceded the marriage. Love was just as strong in those pioneer times as it is at the present period. Locksmiths were laughed at and long journeys taken and difficulties braved with the same fervor, as manifested by succeeding generations.

The next couple to be united in wedlock was Mr. M. M. Cushing and Miss Mary Pigott. The ceremony was sol-

KATE'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLA HENNEBERRY.

"When I get married I mean to tease my husband to death. I do like to tease those I love." Thus, with a gay laugh and toss of her head, spoke the pretty and piquant Kate Edgely, at the age of seventeen, as she sat one evening under the shade of the Spanish oaks on her uncle's lawn at Forest Grove.

She said this to a young man of some three or four-and-twenty, with whom she had been gaily chatting for half an hour or more, in all the abandon of long friendship; for Carrol Avory had been her companion from childhood, their fathers were connected in ties of sympathy through long years—long before either were married. Carrol was somewhat of a philosopher, or believed he was—which is pretty much the same thing, especially if he was able to make others believe it. He belonged partly to the stoics and partly to the cynics—or thought he did; and many said Carrol had been crossed in love. Perhaps he had. Nothing begets younger philosophy, or sterner, than disappointed affection—except crushed ambition.

When Kate had spoken thus, and laughed, he smiled—cynically—and replied: "Giving you credit for all talent in the teasing line, there are at least two classes of men whom you could not succeed with."

"Do tell me which they are."

"Certainly. First, there is a class whose love is too enduring to depend on their patience and whose faith is too strong to doubt their ability to bear, and their certainty of being rewarded; their only passions are love and grief. Then, there is another class—far more numerous—whose will is so firm, whose moral force is so great, whose character is so steeled by self-control, that they conquer the will of a weaker by an iron word, or look of command; or, if this fail, by a

system of tyranny far more terrible. With the first class you would cease from shame; with the latter from fear."

"Gracious! what a long speech!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "You didn't think I was in earnest, surely?"

"I hoped you were not," replied the stoic youth, gravely.

And rising they entered the house.

* * * *

Three years! And what are three years? An atom, an infinitesimal portion of the great desert of time whose countless sands are dropping one by one, into the fathomless ocean of eternity. And yet each one bears the burden of a life and the mystery of a death. And how much, how very much, are three years to humanity! How much of joy and sorrow! How much of happiness and misery! How much of crime and retribution! How much of hunger and thirst, and blood, and tears, of cloud and sunshine, of sleep and watching, of night and day! How much of being! How much of dust and ashes! Oh, how great and constant and terrible, are the changes of three years!

Three years since Kate Edgely and Carrol Avory talked together in the soft starlight, under the whispering foliage of the old Spanish oaks at Forest Grove.

Three years; and Carrol is a wanderer in distant lands, across stormy seas—seeking two mysteries, which, like the banquet of Tantalus, ever seem within his grasp, yet ever elude the extended arm; two phantoms, which, like the mirage of the desert, spread their airy glories upon the weary traveller's vision, but melt into space at his eager approach; two will-o'-the-wisps—health and forgetfulness. Alas, it was a fiend who fabled Lethe, for there is no Lethe but the grave!

Three years; and Kate is a widow!

Edmond Stanton was the only son of a physician near Forest Grove. His father was wealthy, but labored not the less on that account.

Edmond was twenty-five when he first saw Kate Edgely. His life had been passed of late in the studies of a distant university, preparing himself to follow in the footsteps of his father; and it was upon his final return to his father's home that he met the sparkling niece of old 'Squire Edgely. Although of a meek, timid nature, Edmond was poetical and romantic; and the wit, the beauty and the animation of gay Kate fascinated him. The unreserved intercourse of the country, the walks, the rides, the fishing, the sailing, the picnic parties, brought them constantly together; and three months sufficed to kindle a mutual affection—or at least its semblance.

Edmond Stanton was handsome, though somewhat pale; gentlemanly and dignified; inwardly, a fearful harvest, was slowly but surely falling before the pitiless reaper, Death.

They were married in the spring-time, with the love song of wooing birds for their epithalamium. The honey-moon was passed in travel, and they returned to settle down to domestic happiness in a charming spot near his father's home. For awhile all was sunshine; but, alas! Kate's fatal resolve began 'ere long to work, perhaps unconsciously to herself, for, by habit, it had become a second nature to her to tease, and she had not yet paid the penalty for its indulgence.

Many times, indeed, during the courtship, she had exercised these powers upon Edmond, but they were scarce ripples in the broad, steady current of his love, and it flashed over them and rolled on.

But now it was different; she was ever there, and the ripples became larger, more constant, deeper, till they merged into one strong, hissing eddy that bubbled and foamed, and seethed up in his love stream, and troubled and made turbid all its waters.

Yet he never spoke of the inward wrestlings; he was kind and gentle, and she felt that the barrenness of her tri-

umph was a defeat. So rolled a year and a half; and all this time of alternating shower, of sunshine, smiles and tears, the reaper was levelling fibre by fibre—the life-stalks of Edmond Stanton's existence. She saw not the day of ingathering approaching; she would not see it; he felt it, but he would not tell her. Yet it came, unhastened by earth-pangs. Oh, hope and believe it was not thus hastened! Kate Stanton, for your soul's peace, hope and believe it!

It came slowly, silently, with nothing of strife, nothing of fear, nothing of longing. It came peacefully, solemnly; and the softened chimes of distant bells quavered through the still air of the Sabbath morn, faint and broken, as if with sobs, yet fragrant and with a holy harmony, until they gently, and as with a timid awe, yet lovingly, trembled through the half-closed lattice, and mingled their last strains with the faint sigh of Edmond Stanton's freed spirit.

And Kate Stanton was a widow!

In the sad, solitary storm-racked night that cast its first quickening rain upon the fresh sod of her husband's grave: in that night of moaning wind and rolling thunder, and shrieking forest, and the measured tapping of the rain-drops on the casements, with a sound as of a funeral hammers: in that night of vigil and woe, as she was reclining on a couch near the bright fire-place, did there not creep across her heart the cold, ghastly shadow of self-reproach, like the clammy trail of the serpent over the warm breast of the sleeping savage, causing her to shrink and shudder, and leaving in its track the poisonous slime of remorse?

But the morning came, and the sun burst impetuously through the gloomy cloud-host, and the birds hymned their song of gratitude and the breeze whispered its tuneful love-tale to the trembling leaflets; nature awoke and drank in renewed life, and health, and joy from the glorious day fount.

Morning came and peeped in, laughing, at the window, where still lay the couched form and aching heart; and, with rosy smile and glad bird voices and

gentle breeze-murmurs, the heart was cheered, and sung and lulled into a soft dream of hope.

What a glorious expression of elemental power is the ocean in its wild war with the storm-king! With what a gusty malice the wind blaes strike their keen edges through the spray shields, and bury their points in the bosom of the ocean! With what a stubborn strength the mighty waters rush up to close the chasm, and hurl their shouting foe afar off upon the foaming crests of their wrath billows!

And amid all this wrestling, right on through the battle din, speeds a gallant vessel, shaking the furious spray from her gleaming billows, bending with a careless grace before the artillery of the blast, yet fearless and unscathed,

"She rides the plunging chargers of the deep,"

Bearing her freight of soul-life to its destined haven.

On this vessel's deck, his eye flashing back the spirit of the storm, his whole frame buoyant with the fiercest sympathy for the awful scene before him, stands Carrol Avory, after six years of wandering in almost every clime of earth, now straining his spray-clouded vision to catch a shadowy glimpse of his native shores, stretching, dim and dark, like the hither side of fabled Hades, far along the horizon.

Has he found the twin mysteries of his search? Perhaps not; but he has found two stars instead, whose constant lustre will lighten his pathway, even through the "valley of shadows"—Faith and Hope.

Three years since Edmond Stanton died, and time, the soother, has mellowed the remembrance of sorrow in the breast of the widowed Kate.

On this balmy evening of spring, she sits, as of old, beneath the Spanish oaks on her uncle's lawn; and as the shadows grow longer and the stars come out, one by one, flickering like fire-flies through the waving foliage, she thinks of such evenings a few short years ago, when, beneath this olden shade, with a

light heart and a happy presage, she listened to an impassioned voice whispering bright hopes and love-illuminated plans of future happiness. The silent tears drop, all unseen, upon the darkening turf at her feet; but they are no longer tears wrung from an agony or fresh sorrow, hot and bitter with the gall of a fresh remorse. They are cooling, grateful, pearly tears, that spring from the gentle fount of the chastened spirit, a mellowed grief, and they fall as soothingly as fall the freshness of the evening dew upon the thirsty leaflet.

With these tears yet lingering upon her cheek, her thoughts are borne a little further back upon time's current, to a more shadowy past, and she hears light laughter and sparkling converse ringing under these old arches; she hears the gay jest and happy repartee, the unthinking, foolish resolve of coquetish seventeen, and the grave—then absurdly grave—reproof of philosophic, serious twenty-four.

She is again Kate Edgely, and Carrol Avory sits beside her. "Poor Carrol! Where is he now? Oh, that he were here! oh, that he had never departed! and so suddenly, too! It has always seemed most strange. Why has he never written her. He knew she loved him so. Loved him? Why, was he not her best friend, the friend of her childhood? Did he not love her, too? But behold! He was so changed after Edmond came! He never liked poor Edmond. Yet why? And why go away so unkindly—almost suddenly—just when she was to—ah! could it be that he felt towards her other than as a brother, a dear friend? He never spoke other; he never seemed to. Oh, she could not be unfortunate! And yet—and yet, did she not love him with another love than sisterly? She had never asked herself the question; someone comes swiftly down the shaded pathway. It is a man. Heavens, it is!"

"Kate!"

"Oh, Carrol!"

And they are clasped in a long, fervent embrace.

And Carrol had found his goal—though not where he sought it; but he was happy—so happy that his heart seemed to have put forth fresh fibres of life, his form expanded, his cheek bloomed, his eye kindled, and the promise of many years was renewed in him.

And Kate—was she not true to her repentance? Did she not "love and honor" with all her soul? And if she ever felt a shadow of the old weakness steal-

ing across her spirit, did she not seek a quiet corner of the old church-yard, and there, over a broken pillow, inscribed with a simple name (fit emblem of a life rudely shattered in its hasty snatching), and wreathed with dark, green ivy that clung around it as if it would lovingly hide the rugged wounds of the cold iron—there, upon the flowering sod, did she not register a fresh, a sacred vow, and seal it with her tears.

ELLA HENNEBERRY.



Dr. Elijah White, who was commissioned Indian agent of "the territory west of the Rockies" by the U. S. government in 1842, seems to have had the idea that his commission created him czar of the Pacific Northwest, from the way in which he attempted to exercise authority. In 1844 the liquor traffic began to assume such proportions that it became an interesting subject for all parties then in the Pacific Northwest. In January of that year complaints were made to him that a distillery was being operated at Oregon City, and he assumed that he had authority for interfering because the laws of Iowa, which had been adopted by the provisional government, regulated the traffic in territory where there were Indians. Accordingly he seized and destroyed the distillery and placed the owner, James Conner, under bonds for three hundred dollars. Conner, with others, however, soon began to operate another still, which was promptly suppressed. As the doctor had the moral support of the provisional government, Conner was unable to get any satisfaction from that source, and to settle the matter, challenged the doctor to fight a duel, probably the first instance of the kind on the coast. The court took cognizance of this action and imposed a fine of five hundred dollars upon Conner

and also disfranchised him for life. The legislature which met later on in the year, however, passed an act restoring him to citizenship. While the doctor might have possessed some little authority for proceeding against those who supplied liquors to Indians, he certainly was without warrant to proceed otherwise, still his zeal which prompted him to bring others to account led him into several embarrassing positions. On one occasion he boarded the *Chenamus*, belonging to Capt. John H. Crouch, and attempted to search her for liquors supposed to be on board. The captain, knowing his rights, ranged his guns fore and aft along the deck, whereupon the doctor relinquished his search as quickly as it had been begun.

Private individuals also received the doctor's attention. F. W. Pettygrove, who was one of the then leading and most respected merchants, was put under one thousand dollar bonds for having in his house wine and brandy for his own use.

A Madam Cooper, who kept "wet goods" on a scow anchored in the Willamette, had her premises invaded by the doctor, who expected to confiscate her store of liquors, but he thought it advisable to desist when the amazon vigorously protested "in the name of Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland.

REMINISCENCES OF A NATIVE SON.

BY H. S. LYMAN.

Louis Labonte (or Le Bonte), son of Louis Labonte of the Astor expedition, who accompanied Hunt across the continent in 1811-12, is still living at Saint Paul, Marion county, Oregon. He is now eighty-two years old, and is in good health. His remembrance of earlier experiences and life is still fresh and his mind seems very vigorous for one of his age. He says, however, that his recollection of the Indian languages that he once knew has now largely slipped away. These were the Clatsop or Chinook, the Tillamook, Tualatin and Calapooya, of which he says he knew a few words, and the Spokane, which he understood almost perfectly. Besides these, he talked fluently in the Indian jargon and in French and English.

He was born at Astoria in 1818, his mother being Ki-la-ko-tah, the eldest daughter of Kob-a-way, chief of the Clatsop Indians. At the time of her marriage with Mr. Labonte she was a widow. Her first husband was W. W. Mathews, a clerk of the Astor expedition. He died in New York. Their daughter, Ellen, was the first child born in the Pacific Northwest with the blood of the white race in its veins, so far as known, the date of her birth being July 1, 1815. Mrs. Labonte had two sisters who married well known and honored pioneers. Celiast, became Mrs. Helen Smith, the wife of Solomon H. Smith, one of the Wyeth expedition of 1832, and Yaimast, married Joseph Gervais, who, like Mr. Labonte's father, was one of the Hunt party.

Three years of his early life, about 1824 to 1827, were spent in Spokane Falls, and the three years succeeding at Fort Colville. Then two years, probably 1830 to 1833, were spent on French Prairie. His father had removed to that place and was engaged in raising wheat

on a piece of land owned by Joseph Gervais. From this place he accompanied the family to the farm of Thomas McKay, on Scappoose creek, near Sauvie's island, where he spent three years. In 1836 he removed with the family to a location on the Yamhill river near Dayton. In 1849, being then a matured man, he accompanied a party headed by William McKay to the gold mines of California, returning the same year. During the Indian war of 1855-56, he was a member of the Oregon Volunteers in the company of Robert Newell, which was stationed at Fort Vancouver to hold in check the Cascade Indians and the Klickitats to the north.

Concerning his father, he says that this member of the Astor expedition was born in Montreal, and was about eighteen years old when he came out to St. Louis, and was there engaged as an employee of the American Fur Company for four years; at the age of twenty-two he was engaged by Wilson P. Hunt of the Pacific Fur Company to come to Oregon, and arrived in the following winter. Upon the disruption of that company in 1814, Labonte took service with the Northwestern Fur Company, which was in 1818 absorbed into the Hudson's Bay Company. He had in the meantime become acquainted with and married Mrs. Matthews at Astoria, as stated, and it was in the year 1818 that the son was born. Labonte, Sr., took six years for the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent three years at Spokane and three at Colville. He then returned to Fort Vancouver and his service terminated some time near 1828, when he asked to be dismissed and allowed to remain in Oregon. This was directly against the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, who wished none of their trappers to become settlers or free la-

borers in their territory, and it was the rule that all of their servants must be dismissed at the place where they were enlisted. But Labonte was an astute Frenchman and contended that as he had enlisted in Oregon and was not brought here by the Hudson's Bay Company, it was no infraction of this rule, but rather in compliance with it that he should be dismissed here. Notwithstanding, his request was refused and no dismissal was allowed unless he returned to Montreal. Accordingly he made the trip to Canada, starting in March, and receiving his regular papers certifying to the ending of his term of service. But he immediately began the journey back and arrived here again in November in the same year—which may have been 1830.

After having terminated his service with the Hudson's Bay Company, Labonte made up his mind to become a settler in Oregon. Several of his comrades who belonged to the old Hunt party were already contemplating this step, and some had actually begun settlement. Etienne Lucier had first taken a place at the site of East Portland, but, as Labonte remembers, having been informed by McLoughlin that he himself wished to occupy this location, he moved to French Prairie. Joseph Gervais, however, was already at French Prairie, having laid a claim at Chemaway, a point about two and one-half miles south from Fairfield at present. Labonte, Sr., moved to the place of Gervais and engaged in the raising of wheat, and, among other improvements, built a barn; but did not complete a location of his own.

Louis, the son, remembers more particularly the boyish occupations of the region, of which hunting was the most important. He describes a method of hunting the deer (jargon, Mowich; Cak-pooya, Ahawa-ai) which, perhaps, has never been placed in print. The deer were very abundant in primitive times, and during the breeding season the bucks were pugnacious. In order to come near to them the Indians would

take the head of a deer, including also the hide of the neck, properly prepared, which was placed over the head of the hunter; and he then, stooping over so as to keep the mouth of the deer head off the ground, as if grazing, would creep up on the lee side of the herd. He would also, so as to more closely imitate the action of the deer, occasionally jerk the head from side to side, as if nabbing flies.

Presently a buck from the herd, observing a suspicious stranger, would begin to stamp and snuff, and bridle with anger; or, possibly, shaking with excitement, would edge nearer, challenging the supposed intruder for a fight, browsing and approaching, or maneuvering for a position. The hunter, in the meantime, would keep up his own maneuvers until the victim was near, and then let fly the fatal arrow; though Labonte says that before the use of guns the Indian himself, if he chanced to miss his mark, was sometimes so viciously attacked by the deer as to be badly gored or trampled, or possibly killed. Young Labonte always used a gun at this sport.

He recalls also of seeing two grizzly bears on French Prairie, one of which was in connection with a hunting party one foggy morning. Grizzlies were not unknown in the Willamette valley, though they were not abundant. The Chinook jargon name for the grizzly was *eshayum*, quite distinct from the name of the common black bear, *itch-hoot*. Both these words were evidently primitive Indian terms and thus show that the grizzlies were a well recognized species in the Willamette valley during the period of Indian occupation.

Labonte, Jr., has recollections of earliest French prairie which are very valuable, and give a new, or at least a clearer understanding of settlement here, than ever seems to have been published, and shows Chemaway on the Willamette river above Champoege to have been the first nucleus of settlement. According to these recollections, which should, of course, be subjected to close examination before being used as the basis of

a final conclusion, it was Joseph Gervais and the remnants of the Astor company, or Hunt's part of it, who were the original pioneers of French prairie, and thus of Oregon. These were Joseph Gervais, Etienne Lucier, Louis Labonte, Wm. Cannon, Alexander Carson (Alex. Essen), and Dubruy. Whether the fact that they had been with an American company made them any more independent and more disposed to settle for themselves, may be questioned; but at any rate they formed a little company of comrades and became the first group of independent Oregon people.

Joseph Gervais was the first, and when the Labontes arrived in about 1831, he had been upon his place at Chemaway at least about three years, and had made considerable improvements. Chemaway is situated on the bank of the Willamette river at a somewhat abrupt point over the water, and became afterwards the location of Jason Lee, and the Methodist mission. It is not to be confounded with Chemawa, the location of the United States Indian Training School on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad—though this is a mispronunciation of the old name, in which both a's are long, with a strong tendency toward long e, making the name Chemaewae.

Gervais had substantial buildings, and Labonte's description of his house and barn are very interesting. The house was about 18x24, on the ground, and was constructed of square-hewed logs, of rather large size. There were two floors, one below and one above, both of which were laid with log planks or puncheons of white fir, and probably adzed off to a proper level. The roof was made of poles as rafters, and the shingling was carefully-laid strips or sheets of ash bark, imbricated. Upon these were cross planks to hold them in place. There were three windows on the lower floor of about 30x36 inches in dimensions, and for lights were covered with fine, thinly dressed deer skins. There was also a large fireplace, built of sticks tied together with buckskin thongs, and covered with a stiff plaster

made of clay and grass. The barn was of good size, being about 40x50 feet on the ground, and was of the peculiar construction of a number of buildings on early French prairie. There were posts set up at the corners and at the requisite intervals between, in which tendon grooves had been run by use of an augur and chisel, and into these were let white fir split planks about three inches thick to compose the walls. The roof was shingled in the same manner as the house, with pieces of ash bark. There was a young orchard upon the place of small apple trees obtained from Fort Vancouver.

At the time that the Labontes came to Chemaway, Etienne Lucier had not yet taken his own place, about three miles above Champoege, at Chewewa, but was living or camping, upon the place of Gervais, probably looking around the country and making arrangements for a permanent home. Lucier, therefore, was not the first settler upon French prairie, but this honor belongs to Joseph Gervais, who must have gone there, according to Labonte's recollections, about 1828.

William Cannon, a native of Pennsylvania, and the first American to settle in the Pacific Northwest, was a millwright, and at the time the Labontes came to French prairie, was at Vancouver, building the gristmill. He afterwards built the Champoege gristmill.

Dubruy settled subsequently about two and one-half miles south of Champoege.

Alexander Carson (Alex. Essen, as pronounced by Labonte), was a trapper, and spent much of his time in the Yamhill country. He seems to have been a very independent man, but finally lost his life at a certain butte on the North Yamhill river (still called Alec's butte) by the Twhatie (Tualatin) Indians, probably with the simple object of possessing themselves of his rifle and trappings.

As to Champoege, the historic point in Oregon history, this was originally a camping and council ground of the Indians. It was near the north boundary

of the Calapooyas, and here various tribes came to trade, to play games of chance and skill, and not infrequently to intermarry.

One great sport was diving. The water of the Willamette river off the bluff was very deep, and it became a great contest for the young men to see who could dive deepest and remain under water longest. Some of the bolder ones even not rising until the blood began to burst from their noses or mouths.

Labonte recalls with great vividness the wedding ceremonies which he often witnessed, and that were frequently celebrated here between contracting parties of the different tribes. It was quite an intricate ceremony. The tribe of the groom would assemble on one side and that of the bride on the other. The groom, placed in the forefront of his people, was dressed in his best, and seated upon the ground. He was then approached by members of his own tribe, who began removing his outer garments, article by article. After this was done, members of the bride's tribe came and reclothed him with different garments and placed him in readiness to receive his wife. The bride, in the meantime, was placed in the forefront of her people, but was covered entirely, face and all, with a blanket. When ready to be presented she was carried by women of her tribe, and brought within a short distance of the groom, but here her bearers halted to rest. Then, probably indicating the desire of both peoples that the ceremony should proceed, and that all were friendly, a shout or hallo was raised by all parties, which is given as follows: "Awatch-a-he-lay-ee. Awatch-a-he-lay-ee." After which she was taken the rest of the way and presented, while the same cry of applause and approbation was again raised.

A bride was purchased, and the presents were numerous and valuable. In case the groom and bride were descendants of chiefs, presents were made between the whole tribes. These presents were of all sorts, and consisted of horses

(cuiton), blankets (passissie), guns (mosket), slaves (eliatie), haiqua shells, or, as the small haiqua shells were called, cope-cope, which is a kind of a turritella, kettles (moos-moos), tobacco (ekainoos), powder (poolallie), bullets (kah-lai-ton), knives (eop-taths), or other articles.

The name Champoeg, says Labonte, is not derived from Le Campment Sable,* the French name, but is purely Indian. "Cham," the hard ch, not sh, is of the same character as the universal Che prefix of the Callapooyas; as Chehalem, Chewewa, Chemaway, Chamhokuc, or Chemeketa; and the latter part, "poeg," or poek, was for a certain plant or root found there by the Indians, and called po-wet-sie. That this is the true derivation, and it is not from the French term, meaning the sandy camp, is evidenced by its similarity to the other Indian names just given above.

When young Labonte was about sixteen, the family was employed by Thomas McKay to take charge of his farm on Scappoose plains, across the Willamette Slough, or Multnomah, from Sauvie's island—McKay being one of the most energetic and intrepid captains of the Hudson's Bay Company, and being at that time detailed for special service in the Snake river country, where competition with American companies was setting in with much vigor. On this farm the Labontes raised wheat, oats, peas, potatoes and various garden products, and had cattle and hogs, but no sheep. On the farm with the Labontes there was a Frenchman named Antoine Plasier.

It was during this period that Wyeth—whom Labonte recalls as White, from a mixture of the English aspirate and the French non-aspiration of th—made his second visit to the Columbia. It was, however, more with the trim brig May Dacre that the lad had to do. He remembers that he was at that time just as tall as a musket, which he indicates would reach about to his chin as a man.

* A corruption of the French term, *Campment Sable*—the camp of the sands.—*Reminiscences of F. X. Matthieu*.

On this craft, which lay anchored in the stream not far from the farm, he was often invited to go visiting, particularly Sundays, and was well treated by the sailors and Captain Lambert. He remembers once being asked by the captain whether he could climb a mast, and he immediately proceeded to show that he could, and ascended to the topmast on the bare pole, climbing hand over hand. It happened to be a windy day, and the brig was rolling somewhat in the swell, and when the boy looked down from his lofty elevation, he was made almost dizzy by observing how small the vessel below him looked in the wide stream. But upon reaching deck again, he was complimented by both sailors and captain as being made of stuff fit for a sailor.

Indeed, Lambert seems to have been very well pleased with him, and offered him passage on his ship to Boston, and a return, either by land or sea, and to this his parents were almost persuaded to give their consent, but at the last moment could not bring themselves to do this. Sometimes he was invited by the captain to take dinner, and amused the officers by his sturdy refusal to take anything to drink—perhaps as much from suspicion as from set conviction—though the better class of men on the *Columbia* at that time greatly deprecated the use of intoxicants and were largely temperate, and the boy very likely had imbibed these ideas.

He remembers Lambert as large and powerful, and full bodied; of dark hair and complexion, and "a good man."

Nathaniel Wyeth, whom he also saw, was florid, light-haired and blue-eyed, but also large, and perhaps even finer looking than Lambert.

Game at Scappoose and on the ponds of Sauvie's island was very abundant, consisting of deer, elk and bear, and panthers and wildcats; and beaver were still plentiful; but the waterfowl of the most magnificent kind, at their season of passage, and, indeed, during much of the year, almost forbade the hunter to sleep. Labonte remembers one winter season in particular when there was a snowfall of about sixteen inches, and in the early morning he went forth to hunt swan. These splendid birds of the white species, like the innumerable ducks and geese, assembled at the island ponds to feast upon the abundant wapatoes. On this particular morning the youth soon discovered his flock of swans upon the surface of a shallow lake, eating the roots, and being such an immense flock that they were not to be disturbed even by the immediate presence of a hunter. Then, disrobing to his shoulders—for the water was too deep to reach the flock otherwise—he simply waded in, bringing down two or three birds to a shot, until he soon had as many as he could carry. Indeed, the lake was so covered by the flock as to almost conceal the water. However, upon reaching home he was rather chided for his performance by his father, who told him that by such cold bathing he would be likely to get the "rheumatism," which was his first acquaintance with that term.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

When the white-faced European
Drove the red man from his lands—
Drove him from the broad Atlantic
To the far Pacific sands—
The Great Spirit, looking downward,
Grieved to see his children sad,
Told them they might leave behind them
One small thing or all they had.
Then they quarrelled—all; and one said,
"Let us leave a thing of war—
Tomahawk that they, by fighting,
May at last exist no more."
And another said, "Nay; let us
Leave behind an arrow-head,
That its point may draw their life-blood
Till these people all are dead."
"But, my brothers," cried a third one,
"Tomahawk and arrow bring
Death so sudden, swift and painless
That it loses all its sting;
Rather let us leave the snake-skin
That I belt about my waist,
That a subtle, silent poison
May destroy them—not with haste."
Then there came great Assegoyne,
He, the greatest chief of all,
From his hut beside Niagara,
Where the thunder waters fall.
"Brothers!" cried the aged sachem,
"Will you now, about to go,
Leave but war and hate behind you?
Will you treat the white men so?
Let us answer the Great Spirit,
Asking not for strife and war,
But that he shed peace and plenty
On this land forevermore.
Now, ye thunder waters, listen!
And, thou rolling river, hear!
And, ye rocks and trees, remember!
Harken, brothers, now, and fear!
Though the red man leaves his wigwam
Passing toward the setting sun,
Though he take with him his blanket
And his tomahawk and gun,
Let him leave behind his peace-pipe
By the ashes of his home,
Leaving it alight and burning,
O'er the land he used to roam."
The Great Spirit heard the answer,
And it pleased him there above;
For he said, "Between the red man
And the white man now is love."

—Margaret Doane Gardiner in St. Nicholas.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS
FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN
ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

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BERLIN AND VICINITY.

Charlottenburg and Potsdam.

Prague, Bohemia, Dec. 19, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Under date of 12th from Berlin I sent you a brief sketch of the city, without entering upon particulars as to what we saw of the uses of some of the public buildings mentioned. I attended divine service in Kaiser Wilhelm's Memorial Church, and the service was in no essential respect different from the Christian worship that takes place in the United States and elsewhere. The singing was about the same as Americans enjoy or may enjoy—only rendered in German. The attendance was large and composed of most respectable-looking people; a notable feature of it being as in the United States the preponderance of women.

I did not in my previous letter refer at all to the two Opera Houses, the Royal Theatre, the Varieties, the Circuses, etc., all of which constitute no unimportant detail in the social life of any city. The opera houses are not especially striking buildings, externally; and inside, while fairly attractive, are not equal to those of Stockholm, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, or Dresden, and do not surpass those of Warsaw or Prague. As to the performance, of which I saw two at the Royal Opera House—*Rigoletto* and *Lucia*—they were well staged, but the singing, as a whole, was nothing beyond the ordinary. The price of admission to hear *Rigoletto* sung by the regular company was ten marks, or two dollars and a half; for *Lucia* (Melba night) I paid sixteen marks, or four dollars; and bar-

ring Melba, I have heard as good singing at the Tivoli and Auditorium, San Francisco, for one-quarter of the price, and at times in either of the latter places, better singing than in the Royal Opera House of Berlin—Melba, of course, excepted. Her voice is still good and pleasing, and specially suited to the role of *Lucia*, but her face and figure are no longer suited to impersonate either *Lucia*, or *Violetta* in *Traviata*, which she sang earlier—the spell of beauty is lacking to complete the illusion of youth, music and sentiment. As to the performance of *Frau Herzog*, as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*, she is not to be compared with *Repetto*; and as to the tenor and baritone, *Marconi* and *d'Andrade*, as the *Duke* and *Rigoletto*, respectively, they were only passable. While I have no disposition to invidiously criticise Berlin's singers, I am willing to be quoted as saying that *Marconi* and *d'Andrade* are really below the average in their line, although the latter was heralded as the court singer of *Lavaria*, and the other as a tenor of unusual accomplishments. In the Royal Opera House there was, however, one performance for which I have unqualified praise—the symphony concert of the Emperor's Orchestra, conducted by its leader, Prof. *Weingartner*. Under the leadership of that distinguished and gifted director, the musicians played in such perfect accord and harmony as to cause unalloyed delight and satisfaction to the audience. This kind of concert music is, however, not to be had in Berlin for the asking, the regular price of admission being six marks (\$1.50), about the same

as what an entertainment of the same kind and calibre would cost in our large cities.

As to so-called Musical Concerts: The music hall in the Zoological Gardens is one of the finest in the city, and there I listened to the orchestra which plays every afternoon. It is composed in part of a regimental band, but there was nothing about the music in any respect exceeding in merit what is usually heard in the United States, especially that heard there under the leadership of the late Anton Seidl, Thomas, Scheel, Gilmore, and our own Golden Gate Park Band—to say nothing of Sousa.

I have given theatres the go-by here. My knowledge of German being very slight I did not attend any strictly dramatic presentations in Berlin. The Varieties, the three leading exponents of which—the Apollo, Monopole and Wintergarten—are establishments similar to Koster & Bial's in New York, Keith's in Boston, and the Orpheums in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The performances do not, in general, excel those of the places mentioned, and the auditoriums are not to be compared in point of beauty to Keith's in Boston. The price of admission is three and one-half marks (85 cents)—that is to say more than Keith's in Boston, New York or St. Louis, and more than the Tivoli and Orpheum in San Francisco, or the Orpheum in Los Angeles. But I must not forget to add that in the European attractions are included the charms of such famous people as Cleo Merode, of Paris, and Miss Truly Shattuck, of San Francisco.

The circuses, of which there are two in the city, do not excel ours, and I am not indulging in any national prejudice when I say that the best performers, acrobats and riders I saw there are Americans. The trained horses—by no means an unimportant item in a circus show—I have invariably found good; whether in Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, or Germany; but never better than the American variety. In Berlin there was tacked on to the regular ring perform-

ance a sort of spectacular pantomimic ballet, which, if the Berliners will pardon the criticism, I pronounce about as stupid as could well be, the only real good features being some high diving by Americans during the pantomime.

As indicated hitherto, these northern people are eminently social, and the operas, concerts, theatres, varieties and circuses are well patronized—some of them rather more so than they deserve—and these places afford the traveler excellent opportunities for observing the people, their average apparent condition, demeanor, etc., and I have found them at all times apparently well fixed, unobtrusive, decorous and polite to strangers. I am usually quite favored in my desire to see men and manners when journeying, and this good fortune did not desert me in Berlin, where I twice enjoyed a near view of the Emperor and Empress—the first opportunity being at the opera. Instead of occupying the royal box, which is situated in the center of the first gallery directly facing the stage, the imperial couple occupied a side box diagonally opposite to where I was sitting in the orchestra circle, and from this point of vantage I could take close observations with my opera glass without turning in my seat or becoming unduly conspicuous. The second view was equally good—even better—being in the clear light of day, at the Museum of Arts and Industries. A wealthy citizen had loaned for exhibition ten fine large pieces of Belgian tapestry, and the Emperor and Empress happened along that day to take a look at them. While they were admiringly inspecting the triumphs of the loom, the other visitors, including myself, had our eyes directed on them, and as they passed out they brushed by within a few feet of me. The impressions I received were very agreeable. In bearing and manner the Emperor appears like a frank and possibly impulsive man. It amused me to observe during his inspection of the tapestries that, when he became particularly interested, he raised his right hand and with extended index

finger, gesticulated with animation. My little boy, Dudley, who frequently emphasizes his conversation with eager gestures, will be especially interested in this reference. On retiring from the room, the Emperor bowed very pleasantly and politely to his impromptu audience both on the right and the left.

· PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

As for the Empress, she inspired my unqualified respect; and this sentiment is, I think, universally conceded her among the German people. I have yet to hear any expressions other than those of respect and esteem for her. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome; her complexion is florid, hair blondish, and now preceptibly grey. In figure and pose she is gracefully majestic, being about 5 feet 10 inches in height, well proportioned, and carrying herself with the ease and dignity befitting a Queen. Her dress that morning, was simplicity itself. A little fluffy toque or bonnet of dark purple, with just a suggestion of a white tuft on one side; a sort of Queen Elizabeth ruff collar, high at the back of the neck; dark cloth bodice, neatly embroidered; and a skirt of purple material, a shade or two lighter in color than the bonnet. Her appearance was most becoming, and every movement and expression indicated a woman of amiable and loveable characteristics. As my lady readers especially may be interested to know, I will mention, confidentially, that she celebrated her 41st birthday last autumn, and has seven living children. The Emperor will be 41 in January.

CHARLOTTENBURG.

The transition from royalty of today to that of the past is natural and easy, hence we will proceed to Charlottenburg and Potsdam. As I mentioned in my last letter, the wooden park, known as the Thiergarten extends from the Brandenburg Gate to Charlottenburg which is situated on the river Spree, about three miles outside of Berlin, and was founded by Queen Charlotte in the last century. It contains the usual palaces, commonly called *schloesser*, or castles; but there is so little about them in the nature of a

castle, that palace is the more correct word to apply to them. An interesting feature of the place are the several royal mausoleums, notably those within a little sandstone building of classical design, with four granite columns in front, and above the Greek alphabetical characters, Alpha and Omega. First in order and perhaps the most impressive of them, are the two recumbent figures extended on richly carved sarcophagi of white marble, placed side by side, representing King Frederick William III and his royal consort, the famous Queen Louisa, of Prussia, who upheld so bravely the honor and dignity of her country in its struggle with Napoleon Bonaparte—the parents of Kaiser Wilhelm of our times. Beyond them, in similar state, lie Wilhelm himself and his esteemed spouse, the Empress Augusta. A blue light of the cornflower hue (the national flower, to the adoption of which attaches a tender memory of Louisa) is sifted through a glazed roof adjoining and falls in richest tones upon the slumberers beneath. Under the same heavenly light, whence it originates in the vestibule of the sepulchral chamber, stands a white marble statue of the Archangel Michael, and in an alcove in the rear of the chamber—a little chancel—is a half life-size crucifix in marble, and above that a painting of Our Lord, with the Emperor William I on one side and the Empress Augusta on the other, meekly proffering to Him the wreaths of laurel typical of their earthly achievements and renown.

Charlottenburg is a beautiful city and like other German cities intersected by a river, is improved in appearance by it and by connecting canals with their neatly walled banks.

POTSDAM.

Potsdam, which is located on the Havel, at its confluence with the Nuthe, about 17 miles southwest of Berlin, is a city of 70,000, including 10,000 soldiers, and here again are the castles or palaces, in liberal profusion. Without attempting to studiously examine the innumer-

able features of interest within them, I proceed to the famous Sans Souci (French for "free from care") of Frederick the Great, in the near vicinity. As a palace, it is not superior to some others of the hundreds scattered throughout Europe, except in point of situation. It is most beautifully located on an elevation about 100 feet above the level of the river, where it wends its way through the southern part of the city, and from the front and rear commands views that must in summer be charming, as on this occasion, a cold winter's afternoon, with the snow glistening through the forests they were impressive.

Frederick the Great, the founder of Sans Souci, who led a stormy and tumultuous life as is generally known, has powerfully impressed his versatile and indomitable spirit upon the people of Germany, and hence is entitled to the distinction of being called Great. Of his extravagant excentricities, verifying at times the poetical dictum:

Great wit to madness oft is close allied,

I prefer not to speak; especially as any reader of Carlyle will know how to account for the checks and warps in his great nature by the laws of heredity, his father, Frederick William I, having been admittedly of grossly unbalanced mind, and by the unspeakable miseries and hardships to which he was subjected in childhood by that capricious—I had almost said unnatural—parent. Whatever aggravating peculiarities Frederick thus acquired—and his physiognomy bears evident traces of such—certainly "there was method in his madness." An amusing illustration of the keenness of his satirical wit is encountered within the walls of the Sans Souci Palace, in the apartment occupied for several years by Voltaire. When that insufferable genius had voluntarily absented himself for a time, Frederick determined to get rid of him quite, and with that end in view had his room re-decorated and re-furnished, and it is now just as then finished—the wall-paper covered with squirrels, to suggest the propensity to appropriate

the stores of others; peacocks, to suggest pride and vanity; parrots, to suggest incessant chattering; and monkeys to suggest the tendency to mischief and imitation. The furniture was upholstered with brocaded cloth, illustrating in the raised figures La Fontaine's fables, which Voltaire detested. Within the walls of Sans Souci stands a marble statue, just completed by a Danish sculptor—Magnussen—"The Last Days of Frederick the Great"; and in The Hermitage at St. Petersburg there stands one by Houdin, "The Last Days of Voltaire." Both are works of high art, viewing the subjects probably from different standpoints of inspiration, but both are strikingly meritorious and entitle their authors to lasting fame, for portraying in cold and enduring marble, warmed by the fire of genius, the last days of two of the most famous men of modern Europe.

Crossing to Havel, over a handsome stone arched bridge, one comes to a gnarled old oak, enclosed by an iron fence. This tree is called "Petitioner's Tree," because when Frederick the Great from his living-room window in the castle, near by, saw any one waiting there, he would grant such person an audience. Not far from this tree is the Court and Garrison Church, where lie the remains of Frederick the Great. Standing at the foot of the sarcophagus, in 1806, Napoleon said to his officers in attendance: "Gentlemen, if he (Frederick the Great) were alive, we wouldn't be here!"

One of the sadly impressive features of Potsdam is a mausoleum erected to the memory of the late Emperor Frederick III, by his widow. It constitutes an annex to the Church of Peace. I refer to this memorial not for the purpose of describing it, but to speak of the universal affection manifested toward its silent occupant, "Unser Fritz." The people throughout Germany, everywhere and always, speak of that distinguished but unfortunate emperor in terms of regard amounting to affection. His sympathies seem to have been with the masses—the common people—and

beyond all doubt they return many fold the affection he manifested toward them.

Potsdam, like Charlottenburg, is an independent municipality, and is said to date from the time of the Varidals—i. e., it was a Vandal camp 1500 years ago.

"SWINGING 'ROUND THE CIRCLE.

Dresden, December 26th, 1899.

Christmas Day came and went here in something like the usual tranquil, soothing way. My observance of it consisted mainly in church-going, having attended divine service four times during that day and the Sunday preceding it (24th). As mentioned of other European cities, there were but few men in attendance—as few, I regret to say, as it is customary to find in California churches.

My last budget—Berlin and Vicinity—was dated Prague, Bohemia, December 19th. I left Berlin ten days ago, on a round trip which has included Stettin, Posen, Breslau, Salzbrunn, Prague, and Dresden. If this seems like an extensive itinerary of sight-seeing for that number of days I will explain that the run from Berlin to Stettin is only two hours; thence to Posen four, to Breslau four, to Salsbrunn, one and a half; to Prague seven; while from Prague to Dresden is only four hours, and from there back to Berlin, to complete the circuit, three hours—total on the road, 1 day, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

STETTIN.

I must necessarily treat of these places very briefly though each is worthy of a budget in its own right. Stettin is situated on the Oder River near where it flows into an estuary of the Baltic Sea, and to my agreeable surprise I found it to be a modern city of 150,000 inhabitants and very handsomely built, interspersed here and there with parks, monuments, etc. The particular object of my visit was to take a look at the Vulcan Shipbuilding Works, the great German plant (employing 8,000 men) that turned out the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse (North German Lloyd Line), the fastest long-distance steamer in the world, which has made 22.8 knots per hour. The Vulcan company is now constructing, along with several other ves-

sels, the "Deutschland" (Hamburg-American Line), to be launched in January—a steamer 684 feet long, breadth of beam, 67 feet, with double engines and twin screws; the engines being of 34,000 horse power; water displacement, 18,000 tons; and for speed, the builders guarantee 23 knots per hour.

POSEN.

Next in the order of my progress came Posen, in Prussian Poland, a fortified town with modern defensive walls on three sides of it, and the river Warthe on the other. The city has 150,000 inhabitants, of whom one-third, or over 50,000, are Jews. Posen is the least prepossessing of any of the cities I have visited. Its people seem to feel the blight of the destroyed nationality resting upon them. 'Tis a city within whose gates the ghosts of dead hopes wait.

BRESLAU.

From Posen to Breslau, which is located as is Stettin, on the river Oder, the country presented the same general characteristics as that traversed between Berlin and Posen—unbroken and slightly rolling. I found Breslau quite a different city from Posen; showing, in contrast with it, modern progress and prosperity. It has a population of nearly 400,000 (the German element predominating), university, museum, academy of arts, fine zoological gardens, opera houses—in fact everything constituting a modern, wide-awake city. The number of churches here of gothic architecture is unusually large, but in the main they are homely examples of that style.

SALZBRUNN.

Leaving Breslau, enroute to Prague, I stopped over for three hours at Salzbrunn (Salt-springs), a sanitarium with mineral springs. A peculiar feature of the hygienic treatment there is the use of asses' milk as a diet for patients. At Salzbrunn the first broken country sighted by me outside of Norway came gratefully into view. In nine weeks' travel I had noticed but two localities of more than 100 feet elevation. From St. Petersburg for a thousand miles northeast, southeast, and southwest, the country is

practically level. No wonder the Tartar hordes roamed over it with impunity in the dawn of civilization. I think it is Mommsen who suggests that the Mongols occupied northern Europe before the Aryans ever did.

To return to my subject: At Halbstadt I crossed the Austrian frontier into Bohemia, a broken, rolling country, on the foothills of the Alps lightly timbered, with occasional groves of small pines intermingled here and there at the edges of the forests with birch. The elevated ground is well cultivated, showing thriving orchards and vineyards. Whether the people are Slavs Poles, Bohemians or Magyars (a question it would take an ethnological expert to decide), the lan-

guage spoken looks in type and sounds like Polish, but all rules, instruction notices, etc., displayed on cars or at railway stations are in Bohemian and German. The people in the main appeared less well nourished than the Germans; are less comely, and both men and women less well clad—in short, life along the border seemed Bohemianish. I noticed two gangs of women shoveling snow on the railroad, and another gang unloading coal from railroad cars. The day was fine, and the landscape really beautiful—not the same kind of forestry, but topographically reminding me of California's foot-hills looking down the western slope from Auburn.

Wm. J. Valentine



NESIKA WA-WA.

PIONEER MONUMENT AND OREGON NATIVE SON CELEBRATION.

The committee appointed by President Blumauer, of the Society of Oregon Native Sons, having in charge the matter of erecting a monument to the pioneers and Indian war veterans of Oregon, is hard at work maturing plans for carrying out the object for which it was appointed. It is proposed to have the affair so far in hand as to be able to lay the cornerstone of a memorial building at the next annual meeting of the Pioneer Association. It is intended to make this occasion one of the grandest affairs ever witnessed in the Northwest, and one which will not fall short of the celebration recently held by the Native Sons of the Golden West in San Francisco.

Notice is given that next year will be Native Sons' year, and everybody will be called upon, whether he is a resident of fifty years, or fifty minutes, to aid in providing amusement and entertainment for the hosts of people that will undoubtedly throng our streets during the week's celebration it is proposed to give. Business men are especially requested to sharpen their wits and make free to advise the committee of anything they think will subserve to make the affair a grand success. Pioneers, Veterans, Native Sons and Daughters, and everybody everywhere, that are interested, are invited to call at the office of the Oregon Native Son, 184 Fourth Street, and talk it over, and then go forth into the highways and by-ways and talk it over again, and keep talking it over until it is the "talk of the town."

Remember, 1901 is "Native Sons' Year."

Since the above was in type the committee has decided to consult the business men of the city and the Pioneers, War Veterans and Native Daughters before settling on a day for the celebration.

CONSTABLE'S LONG RIDE.

It may not be generally known that when this region was a portion of Clackamas county, in the early 50's, Mr. D. Butler was constable for The Dalles precinct, and had occasion to serve a subpoena on a witness residing near Fort Hall, now in Idaho. That was then within the limits of the county over which a justice of the peace had jurisdiction. Mr. Butler vividly describes his ride through this wild region with the judicial writ in his inside pocket, feeling not the least fear of Indians or road agents, because he was armed with the authority of the law. He was then much younger than he is now, and the country was new to him. Later on, after he had become accustomed to the habits of the "wild and woolly west" he placed more reliance on Colt's latest patent or a Henry repeating rifle than on a subpoena from a Dalles justice court. His story awakened great interest and chained the attention of his audience until some inquisitive individual inquired what mileage he was allowed for doing such service. This elicited no answer, and the thrilling story of a constable serving a civil writ in Oregon territory, a thousand miles distant from the magistrate's court, came to an abrupt ending.

"Wonderland, 1900," is the title of a work issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, that is so replete with historical data it should be made a text-book in our public schools. This number of "Wonderland" gives in particular the story of Lewis and Clarke's great exploration of the Northwest in 1804-1806. It is the most exhaustive ex-

plication of the grand work of that expedition heretofore published, illustrated with plates that do full justice to the magnificent scenery which in richness and grandeur rivals any in the world. Again we say, in all seriousness, that the work is deserving of a prominent place in everyone's library.

It is the endeavor of the Oregon Native Son not only to record history of past events, but to secure from the pens of the most eminent writers of the day, opinions on passing events, that those who write hereafter may have before them the reasons that actuated thinking men to the different courses which they pursued. To say that we have no interest in political matters, would be a confession that the safety of the free institutions of our government, which vouchsafes the liberty of the press and makes it possible to lay before our readers the opinions and theses of political students of standing and merit, is a matter of indifference. When we say students, we would discriminate between the penny-a-liner, with an augmentation of salary when a telling thrust of personality is given, and one who writes his honest conviction without regard to consequences, personal or otherwise.

In this issue of the magazine the management is able to present the two sides of the questions upon which the present presidential campaign is being fought, each from the standing point of a man who enjoys a national reputation for honesty and integrity in his writings, whose researches are intended for the good, not of his own generation, alone, but of those who come after him, a man of broad intellectual calibre and endowment grasping for enlightenment as to the conditions which will prevail an hundred years hence. Each is a man whom executive ability and business sagacity has placed at the head of a great monied institution. It is said of one: "A deserving poor man never appealed to him for help in vain," while the employees over whose fate he presides say of the other: "Take your grievance to the president and you will get justice." Greater encomiums than these can be conferred on no man. Yet their deductions are as opposite, one's from the other as the antipodes. Anomalous as it may seem, so far as the individual is concerned, the reins of government could be safely trusted in the hands of either. The men of whom we speak are Hon. H. W. Corbett and Mr. John J. Valentine. Let them now speak for themselves.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ITEMS OF HISTORY CULLED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Colonel N. B. Sinnott, of The Dalles, was one of the best known men in unofficial life in the Pacific Northwest. For more than a quarter of a century and up to the date of his death he was the host of that widely known hostelry, the Umattilla house, of that city, and in that capacity he became acquainted with a great many people who otherwise might never have known him. Colonel Sinnott's generosity was proverbial. No man ever left his hotel home with the pangs of hunger gnawing at his vitals; and as the snows of winter silvered his hair and time furrowed lines on his kindly face, it was with the keenest pleasure that he at frequent intervals came to know that his generosity had not been forgotten. In this connection the following story is told:

In the early days a Hebrew peddler arrived in The Dalles with his pack. He was exhausted from his long tramp, and failure to dispose of his goods soon left him penniless and hungry. He appealed to Colonel Sinnott, who took him in. When he was ready to depart he offered the colonel all the money he had, about \$6, in part payment of his account of about \$20; but Colonel Sinnott refused it and sent him away. A few weeks later the peddler, having been more fortunate, remitted the amount in full, and he passed out of the colonel's recollection.

Two days after the fire that almost wiped The Dalles out of existence, Colonel Sinnott received a message from New York stating, "Wait for my letter," and signed "Bloomenthal." With surprise he awaited the arrival of the epistle. It came in due time, and it stated that the writer had read in the press dispatches of The Dalles fire, and presumed that the hotel burned was Colonel Sinnott's. If so, the writer desired the colonel to apply to him for what money was needed and use six figures if necessary. The letter went on to state that the writer

was the Hebrew peddler whom the colonel had assisted, who had worked himself up to the head of an extensive manufacturing enterprise. The colonel replied that his hotel had not been burned, and he was not financially distressed. Mr. Bloomenthal replied that he stood ready to assist him at any time and for any sum he might need.

CLATSOP'S FIRST TAXES.

An interesting relic of the early history of Clatsop county was turned over to County Judge Gray recently by T. B. Morrison, of Clatsop. It was the first delinquent tax-roll of the county, and was found by Mr. Morrison while looking over some papers belonging to his father, the late R. W. Morrison, who was one of the commissioners in 1848, the year the instrument is dated. The paper was partially burned many years ago, and some of the figures were unintelligible, but the missing ones were supplied by Robert S. MacEwan, who was county clerk at the time. The roll is especially valuable as a relic, as it was issued the first year after the Clatsop county government was organized, and when nearly all of what is now Columbia county was included in its limits. It shows the total amount of taxes to have been \$101.00, and of this amount \$47.97 was on the delinquent roll. The heaviest taxpayers were J. M. Shively and the Hunt Mill, each of whom was assessed \$25. Mr. MacEwan, as county clerk, received the munificent sum of \$7.58 for making the assessment, and \$3.97 for tax collections, and he turned over to the treasurer \$47.57. The county judge at the time was the late W. H. Gray, father of the present judge, and the commissioners were R. W. Morrison and G. W. Coffenburg, the latter of whom is still living in Astoria. Mr. MacEwan is now 86 years of age, but he wrote the missing data in the roll in a very legible hand, and was not obliged to use glasses.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

1791.—Capt. Robert Gray, who had returned, after making a voyage to Canton and Boston, wintered in the harbor of Clayoquot, Queen Charlotte's Island. He there erected buildings and mounted guns, the first thing of such a nature to be done by an American. During his stay there he built the first American vessel to be built on the Pacific Coast. This was the sloop *Adventurer*. Robert Haswell, formerly mate with Capt. Gray, was the first master of this vessel. She was sold to Capt. Quadra, the Spanish commander in the Pacific Northwest, in 1792, when she was taken south.

During this year Lieut. Francisco Elisa, a Mexican commanding a Spanish expedition, arrived. He explored the Straits of Georgia and those of San Juan De Fuca, bestowing names upon different points that have since adhered to them, such as, San Juan Archipelago, Port Angeles, Canal de Haro, Tejada, (Texada) Islands and Fidalgo. The latter was named in honor of his lieutenant who wintered at Neah Bay and constructed buildings and fortifications. This was the first Spanish occupancy of the original Oregon.

1792.—In the spring of this year Capt. Robert Gray left Queen Charlotte's Island, where he had wintered and coasted south. On May 7th he entered Bullfinch harbor, (now known as Gray's harbor) naming it in honor of one of the owners of his vessel. On the 11th he arrived off the bar and successfully crossed it, anchoring near Tongue Point. He was the first to be certain that it was a river. Upon this discovery rested nearly all of the claim of the United States to the Pacific Northwest. He named it after his vessel, the *Columbia*. He also bestowed the name of Cape Hancock upon the high promontory at the north of the river's mouth, which had previously been called Cabo de San Roque by Heceta and Cape Disappoint-

ment by Meares. To the low point on the south, called Cabo de Frondoso by Heceta, he gave the name of Point Adams. He had hardly left the river before another American, Capt. James Baker, entered in the *Jenny*, of Bristol, Rhode Island. Quickly following him (the 19th) came Lieut. Broughton, in the English vessel, *Chatham*. Coming to an anchor, Lieut. Broughton busied himself with discovery. Gray's bay he named in honor of Capt. Gray and Baker's bay in honor of Capt. Baker.

He came up the river as far as the site of the city of Vancouver. He also named Mt. Coffin and Oak Point. The former was so designated because he found it to be an Indian burial ground (by them called Yee-ch-mas-te), and the latter through finding oak trees there. This was the original Oak Point on the Oregon side of the river. He named Young's river in honor of Sir George Young; Point George, the present site of Astoria, in honor of the British King, and Mt. Hood in honor of Lord Hood. This snow peak was afterward called Mt. Washington by the Americans. It was known by various names among the Indians, among them being Wi-ye-ast and Mat-sum-hi-hi. On his leaving the river he found Capt. Vancouver awaiting him off the bar. The latter had observed Mt. St. Helens from his vessel's deck and gave it the name it bears in honor of Lord St. Helen. The Americans called it Mt. John Adams. It was known by several names among the Indians, such as Loo-wit, Loo-walla-clough, etc.

The Columbia bar has not been free from disaster among shipping, out and inward bound. The names of two or three of them are closely linked with our earlier history, they being the *William* and *Ann*, the *Peacock*, and the *Shark*.

The first was the property of the Hudson's Bay company, and was wrecked in 1829. She was pillaged by the Indians

and her crew are said to have been murdered by them.

The second was a government vessel and wrecked inward bound in July, 1841, on the sand spit at the north entrance of the river's mouth, known as Peacock's spit; the third was also a government craft, and was wrecked outward bound in September, 1846. Her colors were afterwards presented to the provisional government, the first to belong to it.

The launch of the Peacock was presented to Dr. McLoughlin for use as a pilot boat on the bar, and, after being sloop-rigged, did yeoman service there for years thereafter.

Capt. George Vancouver entered the Straits of Fuca in April of this year, making careful examination as he progressed. Among the names bestowed upon places the following well known ones still are retained. Puget Sound, in honor of Lieut. Puget; Whidby's Island, in honor of Lieut. Whidby, and Mt. Baker in honor of Lieut. Baker. All of these officers were his lieutenants. Mt. Baker was named Montana del Carmelo by the Spanish navigators; Mt. Polk by the Americans and Kul-shan and Ko-mo by the Indians. Puget Sound was called by the Indians, Whulge, by some of the Indians, and K'uk'luts by others.

He named Hood's Canal, for Lord Hood; Port Townshend, (the 'h' has since been dropped) for Marquis Townshend, and Mt. Ranier, for Admiral Ranier. The latter was called Mt. Harrison by the Americans, and Ta-ho-ma by the Indians. Port Orchard, for the officer who discovered it; Vashon Island, for Capt. Vashon; Possession Sound; Deception Pass; Port Discovery; Bellingham's Bay; Dungeness; Admiralty Inlet and others.

1793—Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotchman, was the first white man to make the trip across the continent to the Pacific ocean. He discovered the Frazier river while enroute, which he believed to be the Columbia. The Frazier river was so called in later years for Simon Frazier, who established a trading post upon its banks in 1807.

1805—Lewis and Clarke expedition came across the plains. Followed down the Columbia river and wintered at Fort Clatsop, a fort built by them at the mouth of the river, the winter of 1805-6. They bestowed names upon many of the tributaries of the Columbia, gave the Indian names of others and named prominent points along the route.

Castle rock they called Beacon rock; Hood river, Labiesche river; Klickitat river, Cataract river; John Day river, Lepage river; Touchet river, White Station river. This was subsequently named John Day for a Kentucky hunter coming with the Hunt party in 1811. Sandy river, Quicksand river; Washougal river, Seal river; White Salmon river, Canoe river; Sauvie's island was Wapato island; the Willamette was Multnomah river; Tillamook was named by Clarke. Killamuck head. It had been called Cape Falcon by the Spanish and Cape Lookout by Mears.

With this party came York, the first negro to come to the Pacific coast.

1807—Frazier river named for Simon Frazier, who established a trading post on Frazier lake adjacent to it.

1808—American Fur Company organized. Fort Henry established on Snake river. The first American trading post.

1810—Capt. Johnathan Winship established a settlement at Oak Point, Oregon, opposite the present place of that name in Washington. The floods washing away his houses, and learning of Astor's plans, he deemed it unadvisable to try to compete with Astor, and abandoned the undertaking.

1811—Astoria founded by American Fur Company. Fort built on a point called Point George, by Lieut. Broughton, in 1792. The first of this company to arrive, came on the Tonquin. She anchored in Baker's bay, March 22, 1811. This was the first vessel to be blown up on the coast, her ship's clerk doing so to kill a host of Indians on board who had murdered the crew two days before. Alexander McKay, a partner of Astor, the first husband of the wife of Dr. McLoughlin, was among

those whom the savages massacred. October 2, 1811, was launched the first vessel, the Dolly, built here. She was afterwards called the Columbia. Here the first marriages in the Pacific Northwest were celebrated, and the first children born, one of whose parents were white; the first river steamer, the Columbia, 1850, was built; the first custom house erected on the coast, and one of the two (Oregon City) postoffices west of the Rockies.

Wm. Canning was probably the first American to come to the Pacific Northwest and permanently reside here. He came in 1811 with the Hunt party, and after years of employ as a trapper for the fur companies, finally settled in the Willamette valley. He was a native of Virginia. His death took place at French Prairie, August 29, 1854. He was 99 years of age at that time.

1812—January 12th, Hunt party arrived at Astoria.

In November Robert Stewart, of the Astor expedition, discovered the South

pass. This became the main gateway through the Rockies used by the pioneers.

John Clark, of the Astor expedition, hanged an Indian for stealing. The first "neck-tie" party on the Pacific coast.

1813—Astoria rechristened Fort George by Capt. Black, a British naval officer, and the Northwest Fur Company succeeding the American Fur Company through the treachery of some of the Scotch partners.

1814—Ship Isaac Todd arrives at Astoria. On her came Jane Barnes, the first white woman to set foot on the Pacific Northwest. On this vessel also came the pioneer physician, Dr. Swan, to the Pacific Northwest.

1818—Fort George again becomes, on August 18, Astoria.

1820—Dr. John Floyd, of Virginia, introduced an Oregon bill in congress. This was the first bill introduced providing for the occupation of the Pacific Northwest by the government.



BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM SYLVESTER KINNEY.

William Sylvester Kinney, born in Chehalem Valley, Oregon, June 24, 1854, was the youngest son of the late Robert Crouch Kinney, who, in 1867, removed with his family to Salem, Oregon, and engaged in the flour milling business. After leaving school William Kinney spent a year or so in Eastern Oregon and then engaged in the fruit and salmon canning business in Astoria. Later on, for several years, he acted as traveling representative for the Salem Flouring Mills, in which he was a stockholder. While living in Salem he married Miss Mary Strong of that place. Upon the death of the eldest brother, Albert W. Kinney, with whom he was associated in business, the Kinneys disposed of their interests in the flouring mills, and in 1881 William Kinney moved to Dayton, Wash., and, associating himself with Messrs. Morris and Sarjeant, built a flour mill at that place. Later on, disposing of his interests in Dayton, A.R. Kinney came to Astoria, since which time his name has been permanently identified with the history of

that place. In 1883 a company was formed with Mr. Kinney at its head, and purchased the Terrel saw mill, then owned by George Hume, which stood near the present corner of Fourteenth and Commercial streets. Within a few weeks after its purchase this mill was destroyed in the great fire of 1883. Soon afterwards the company erected the Clatsop mill, and Mr. Kinney, up to the time of his death, November 5, 1898, served as president and general manager. Mr. Kinney was a member of the Baptist church, and leaves behind a record of a well-spent and useful life. He was sympathetic and charitable, and, though never ostentatious in his giving, want and suffering never appealed to him in vain when he had power to aid.

In announcing his untimely death, the Daily Astorian, of November 8, 1898, said:

The death of William S. Kinney was a shock to almost every citizen of Astoria. While he has long been identified with this city as one of the most prominent and useful business men, his reputation for rugged honesty and perseverance in the line of duty was coextensive with the state. Others have

talked Astoria's advantages and still others deplored the lack of enterprise and development in the city, but Mr. Kinney went quietly ahead, built up, and for years successfully managed, the most important industrial establishment so far in Astoria's history. While general gloom and despondency prevailed over an outlook that seemed at times almost hopeless, Mr. Kinney maintained and discharged to the last farthing a pay-roll which constituted the steady dependence of a larger number of white working people than any other single establishment in the city. Mr. Kinney made no parade of his business, nor asked a favor or claimed a public obligation by reason of its benefit and importance to the community. No man was more unobtrusive in his ways or less seen in public places, but his pluck and persistency, under adverse circumstances, will serve as a maxim. In Astoria's prosperity his communication was at all times yea, yea, or nay, nay, and there was never any room for uncertainty as to his standing on any proposition. His absolute frankness impressed all men who came in contact with him, and none departed from his presence without feeling his ability and recognizing his integrity. In his dealings he never asked for more than was his due, and never accepted less than was his right, and those who came in habitual contact with him soon learned to know and appreciate this side of his character. The whole of Astoria's people and many others throughout the Northwest will sincerely mourn the passing of this worthy and generous business man."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON DUFUR.

The subject of this biography was born February 22, 1854, at Williamstown, Vt. His parents, with their family, moved to Wisconsin in 1856 and to Oregon in 1859, settling in Multnomah county east of the Willamette river, where they resided until 1876. They then moved to Wasco county, where they have since lived. The family, while residing here, is remembered by many old timers as one wherein the strictest in-

tegrity and honesty was maintained, where every member was respected and acquaintance with them sought and cherished.

In 1876 young Mr. Dufur, shortly after his removal with his parents to Wasco county, was married to Miss Mary Alexander, who was born in Topson, Maine. To the union has been born two children, Blanche B. and Anna B.

Mr. Dufur, as an exception to the rest of his father's family, is a staunch republican, and on that ticket was elected as a member of the legislature in 1882, and had the honor of casting the deciding vote that elected the late Hon. Jos. N. Dolph as U. S. senator. He was appointed commissioner and disbursing agent of the Warm Spring and Colville Indian commission by President Harrison; and August 1st, 1898, he received from President McKinley the appointment of forest supervisor of the northern division of the Cascade and Rull Run forest reserves, which position he holds at the present time. This year, under his supervision, for the first time in the history of Oregon, not one dollar's worth of timber has been destroyed by forest fires.

Mr. Dufur's father was born in the state of New Hampshire in 1815 and married Lois Burnham, who was born in Vermont. The fruits of the marriage were five children: Lucy Ann, who died at the age of 14 years; Hon. E. B. Dufur, who has been honored with seats in the state senate and legislature from Wasco county; A. J. Dufur, W. H. H. Dufur, the subject of this article, and Arabel H. Dufur. Mr. Dufur is one of the leading stock raisers in Eastern Oregon, owning and farming over 1600 acres of the finest lands in Wasco county. This land is located about 15 miles back of The Dalles.

To write a full sketch of the Dufur family is to write the history of Wasco county for the last 24 years. No family in that county is more prominent, no family more highly respected, and no official wears the honors that have been bestowed upon him more becomingly and looks closer into, or works harder for, the good of the public service than the gentleman whose name is the heading of this brief sketch.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines written on the death of Captain W. W. Chapman, Company I, Second Regiment of O. M. Volunteers, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the regiment in Rogue River war of 1855 and '56.)

Death came at last to end thy pain,

And all thy earthly toil is done;

In Heaven is heard the sweet refrain,

"Thy path to glory was nobly won."

When war's tumultuous strife was rife,

Thou wert the first at duty's call.

And freely offered thy own life.

That peace might soon prevail o'er all.

In snows of winter on mountain's side,

Thou firmly stood'st against the blast,

And crossed the river's raging tide,

And made the foe seek peace at last.

Soldier, statesman, farewell awhile,

In memory thou art held most dear—

While Heaven greet'st thee with a smile;

Thy comrades shed, "The silent tear."

H. H. Woodward, Sergeant of the Company.

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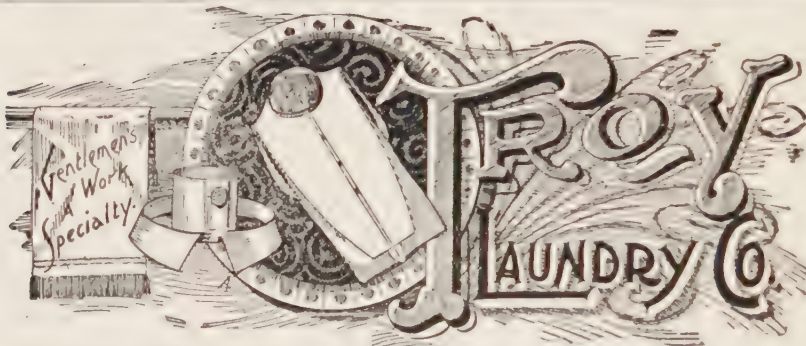
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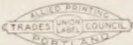
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